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The IRA's Movie

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The GOP's Latest Darlings

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Jack Kemp's Decline

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RUTH SHALIT
Bret Schundler's Hurry

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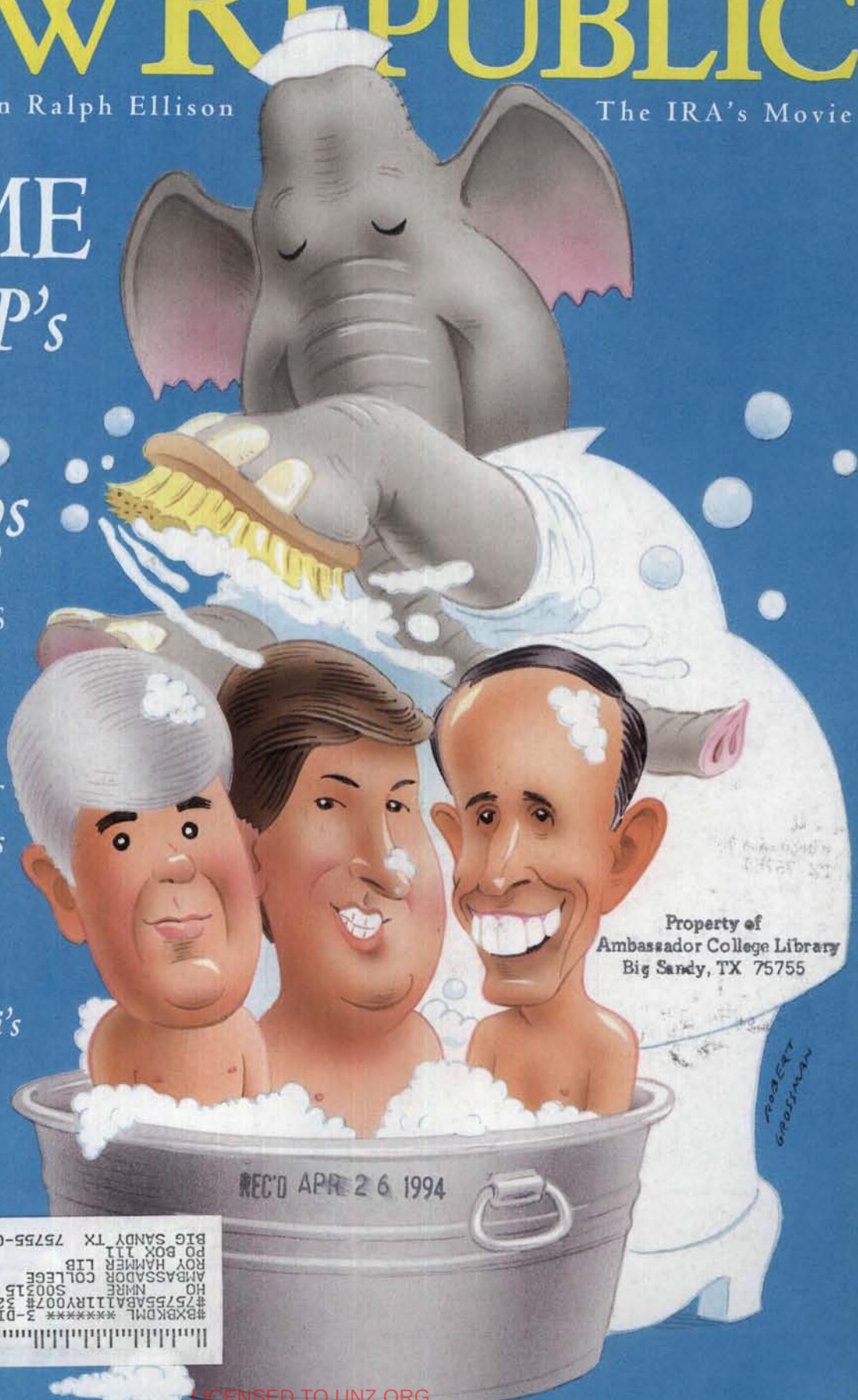
JIM SLEEPER
Rudolph Giuliani's Promise



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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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CORRESPONDENCE

Minority view

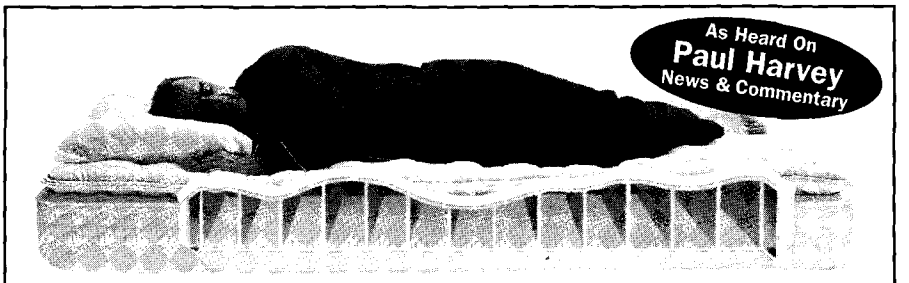
To the editors:

Ian Bremmer's sweeping tone in referring to the plight of Russians in Kazakhstan is distressing ("Minority Rules," April 11). No one can dispute that "most Russians consider north Kazakhstan their home." But how did it become their home, and why do the Kazakhs (not just their self-interested leaders) feel they have been displaced? What is happening in Kazakhstan is not a simple matter of a "minority" that earlier felt itself oppressed and outnumbered now being all set to turn the tables.

History is certainly no apologia for what is happening, but in light of history, Bremmer's assertion that "the vast majority of Kazakhstan's ethnic Russians are poor" is intriguing. Of course the crumbling of the Socialist welfare structure has led to a mass impoverishment. The beneficiaries are the former party bosses and others with pull, and the Kazakhs certainly have a more disproportionate share of these in the state apparatus. But "poor" is not how most Russians can be characterized, especially those in the northern regions on whom Bremmer concentrates. The Russian state and the Soviet regime captured the vast nomadic pastures of the Kazakhs, setting up farms and factories and bringing in a large number of Russians to cultivate the land and make the region "inhabitable." North Kazakhstan, which Russians consider their home, and which was treated by the Soviet regime as a virtual extension of Russia, has far better soil and climatic conditions in a country that is largely arid and barren. Moreover, Russians have played the role of the *Kulturtraeger* among the Kazakhs all through history. In contrast, the vast majority of Kazakhs are not only poorer, but live in the midst of ecological devastation: radiation brought about by on-ground nuclear tests, and the desiccation of the Aral sea as a price for gigantic irrigation projects.

Wouldn't it be more useful to portray the various tensions in the complex ethnic morass that Kazakhstan is, rather than a one-sided account of a "minority" bent upon chasing out a majority?

BHAVNA DAVE
Chicago, Illinois



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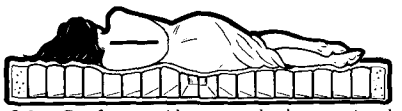

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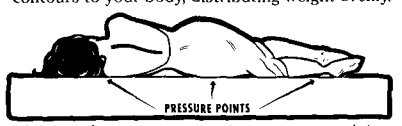

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Egregious

To the editors:

A blow from THE NEW REPUBLIC has a tendency to be a low one. Having caught me in an egregious mistake about the topography of Sarajevo (Notebook, May 2), you then accuse me of "lunching out" for two years on the strength of my brief visit to Bosnia. Well, I have had visiting Bosnians to dinner in my home, on occasion with contributors to TNR. The only free lunch I have enjoyed was at the invitation of your literary editor, who kindly invited me to meet Zlatko Disdarevic during his book tour for *Sarajevo War Journal.* Do you imply that by accepting this invitation I was guilty of an abuse of hospitality? I must say that I feel rather more like the victim of one.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS
Washington, D.C.

Mothers' helpers

To the editors:

Paul Offner argues that the set of day care providers eligible to receive federal money should be expanded to include the friends and relatives of welfare mothers who are at work or school ("Day Careless," April 18). Many women prefer to leave their children with people they know, he writes, especially when conventional day care centers are located some distance from home or offer less flexible hours than welfare recipients would like. More welfare mothers would get out of the house if the government funded unlicensed day care, and women who now pay for it themselves would be treated more equitably if they were assisted financially in the same way that welfare mothers who use licensed providers are.

Offner's argument has force, but he ignores three obvious questions his proposal raises. Consider, first, incentive effects. Offner contends that enlarging the class of eligible day care providers would bring more women into school or the work place. How many? One would like some evidence about the likely effectiveness of this measure before adopting it, as it would not come cheap.

Second, how much is fairness worth? Offner admits that many welfare mothers already entrust their children to unlicensed providers at their own expense (if they pay friends and relatives anything at all). Reimbursing them would not put any additional people to work or in school. Of course, fairness may dictate that the government pay for unlicensed care if it pays for licensed care. But fairness is not the only relevant value. How important is it when reim-

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bursement would not change the way people behave, and how costly would it be?

Third, how would state agencies evaluate reimbursement claims for unlicensed care? Automatically paying claims for babysitting done by friends or relatives would lead to widespread abuse; one can safely predict that the hours claimed would often exceed the hours worked. Yet monitoring would be expensive and probably ineffective.

ERIC RAKOWSKI
Berkeley, California

To the editors:

Paul Offner wants the states to pay child care expenses (while welfare mothers are going to school, taking vocational training or working at low-paid jobs) to private caregivers as well as to licensed day care centers. A better case can be made for enrolling these children in Head Start programs. Especially if they are upgraded in quality, these programs are superior to either of the other alternatives. They can best supply the equivalent of a good middle-class family atmosphere—through teachers and aides who patiently answer children's questions, use good grammar, provide educational games and materials, exercise judicious discipline and instill the kinds of values these children will need but often don't get in lower-class homes.

Instead of spending unnecessary tax dollars on either licensed day care centers or other private caregivers, isn't this a propitious time to expand and improve the program that seems to be our best bet for promoting the long run prospects of so many of our at-risk children?

REO M. CHRISTENSON
Oxford, Ohio

Kuttner wins

To the editors:

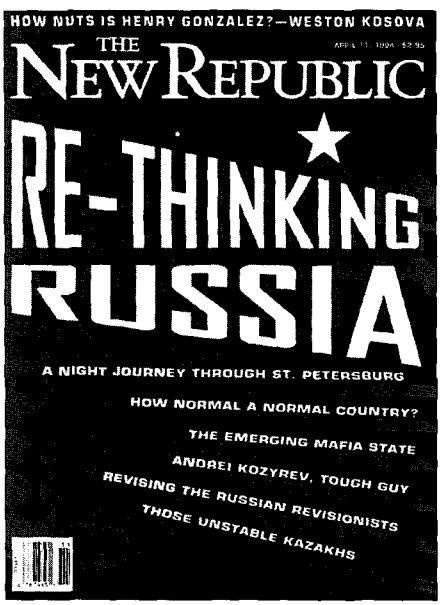
It's not clear why TNR finds it "surprising" that some Clinton Cabinet members want to put American business in China ahead of concern for human rights (Notebook, April 11). Granted, a major theme during the 1988 campaign was George Bush's willingness to overlook China's internal repression for the sake of expanding trade links. But President Clinton shows every sign of giving more weight to another Democratic thesis developed during the Reagan-Bush years, notably by TNR's former economics writer, Robert Kuttner. Like the recent decision to lift the U.S. economic embargo against Vietnam, the predictable extension of China's trading privileges will represent Clinton's willingness to set aside cold war ideological concerns (over Chinese dissidents or American MIAs) in the single-minded pursuit of increasing exports—a strategy Kuttner ably defended in his book *The End of Laissez-Faire*, a Clinton favorite.

Since trade with the United States is contributing to China's gradual liberalization, there may be no real conflict in this case between American ideals and American interests. But liberals who find Clinton's brand of economic realpolitik unattractive should look to their own theorists for the source of his hard-nosed approach.

JEFF RIGSBY
Berkeley, California

Casual treatment

To the editors:



The inequities of the judicial system being addressed by the Congressional Black Caucus and dismissed by Hanna Rosin as "old-think" ("Action Jackson," March 21) are very real concerns for African Americans. The "old-style rhetoric" to which she refers is supported by facts and statistics that effectively illustrate the continuing persecution of African Americans in the judicial system as a result of old-style racism. Research has proved that the war on drugs is being conducted with a much greater intensity against African American citizens, even though drug usage is higher in white communities. African Americans are targeted by police and are subsequently prosecuted and convicted at a higher rate than whites. In addition, statistics show that African Americans are sentenced more harshly than whites for the same crime.

Rosin's casual treatment of this issue does an injustice to African Americans and to whites like me, who are aware of the pervasive racism in the judicial system. We hope these concerns will not be disregarded in an effort to satisfy the public demand for a war on crime.

M. C. JACKSON
Mesa, Arizona

Déjà loo

To the editors:

The hilarious "Lav Story" by Slavenka Drakulić (April 25) brought back memories of late April/early May 1945 on the island of Rügen in the Baltic Sea when the Red Army moved in.

Most of these bearded Siberian troops had never encountered indoor plumbing and didn't know what to make of it.

When a number of us local women were recruited to clean the Russian wards at the hospital, we found that the soldiers—having filled the toilets to overflowing—simply nailed down the lid! Glass urine bottles for the bedridden were simply tossed into corners when full—much like the glasses of vodka they drained before sitting down for their *zakuska*.

It is apparent that, almost thirty years later, the East Bloc has maintained a hygienic status quo.

MARGARET M. BALDWIN
York, Maine

Reno calling

To the editors:

Let's see. The Kiryas Joel community is abusing its children by refusing to rear them in the approved multicultural manner ("Village People" by Jeffrey Rosen, April 11). They also appear to be following a narrow teaching and fanatical leadership. I think it's high time we turned this matter over to Attorney General Reno and the heroes of the ATF and FBI. After all, we wouldn't want to be un-American, would we?

BILL KELLY
Northfield, Minnesota

Red herring

To the editors:

L. J. Davis's article ("The Name of Rose," April 4) neglected to mention that while Karl Marx was living in England, he is reported to have used the Oxford Library. We have it from a reliable source that Bill Clinton used this same library. A coincidence? Well, maybe. But Clinton has never disclosed this somewhat suspicious relationship. What has he got to hide?

T. B. CATRON
Santa Fe, New Mexico

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FROM WASHINGTON

Log cabin fever

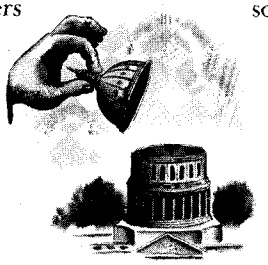
The face in the photo looked familiar. It was a full-page ad for *Forbes* magazine, published in *The New York Times* on April 13. "All he ever dreamed of growing up in Detroit," intoned the copy, "was managing his own machine shop. Then one day he came to The Valley." Silicon Valley, that is. "And he had a vision." He went on, the ad explained, to found Sun Microsystems, one of the most spectacularly successful computer companies. The kicker: "Scott McNealy picked up his first copy of *Forbes* as a foreman in an auto shop in 1977."

Without stating them directly, this hilarious ad contains two implied messages. One is that the way to get rich is to subscribe to *Forbes*. That, of course, is undeniably true. The other message, however, is more questionable. It is that the founder of Sun Microsystems is a classic American up-from-the-bottom success story. There he was, working in an auto shop, when a copy of *Forbes* magazine lifted his eyes toward the heavens ... and another glorious chapter of American capitalism was written.

Now, I know Scott McNealy, and he is indeed a classic American success story. But it's not exactly the story *Forbes* is peddling. I don't doubt that he was working in an auto shop in 1977, but I doubt it was for very long, because from 1972 to 1976 he was a student at Harvard College (where there is no major in auto mechanics), and afterward he attended Stanford Business School. Before Harvard, he was a student (as was I) at an expensive prep school in suburban Detroit called Cranbrook. While it's possible that he aspired to nothing more in those days than to manage his own machine shop, this would have been a sore disappointment to his father, who was vice chairman of American Motors Corporation.

This history is not meant to demean McNealy's remarkable achievement at Sun Microsystems. It is *Forbes*, in fact, that implicitly demeans McNealy's achievement with its ham-handed myth-making. It is not good enough, *Forbes* is suggesting, to have gone on from Cranbrook School to found a multi-billion-dollar computer giant. One must have gone on from an auto shop.

Why does the magazine wish to insult its own affluent readers in this way? It is telling them that their economic milieu is shameful and must be covered up. It is saying that anything their children may achieve in life is diminished by their own success. What point is there, one might ask, in subscribing to *Forbes* if the hollow consequence of the riches that will inevitably follow is to force your kids to fake their résumés?



It is one thing for a rock musician or a philosophy professor or a liberal columnist to be slightly embarrassed by a bourgeois background. But for *Forbes* magazine, the "Capitalist's Tool," to be promoting the idea that a triumphant capitalist needs to be ashamed of his upper-mercantile upbringing is a little strange. Is this not the kind of anti-success attitude that poisoned our great country during the deplorable 1960s? How on earth did such an attitude penetrate into the very heart of the capitalist propaganda machine?

One lesson of *Forbes*'s own annual list of the 400 richest Americans, after all, is that the best single strategy for acquiring enormous wealth (apart, that is, from subscribing to *Forbes* magazine) is to arrange to be born into modest wealth. No. 1 and No. 2 on the most recent list, investor genius Warren Buffett and Microsoft founder Bill Gates, both used this technique. That's not all they had going for them, obviously, but it helped.

Of those near the top of *Forbes*'s list, media magnate Sumner Redstone, publisher Rupert Murdoch, ship owner Ted Arison and the Newhouse brothers all built up inherited businesses. Of the top dozen, only the family of the late Sam Walton and investor Kirk Kerkorian seem to have made it from scratch in one generation. Yet *Forbes* is so attached to the up-from-nothing myth that it is reduced to mentioning that various billionaires' *grandfathers* started out as poor immigrants.

Well, yes, even the Forbes family started out as invertebrates back at some point, before climbing its way up the evolutionary and financial scales (no doubt through a lot of darned hard work and gumption and a dream that wouldn't die, etc.). But how much credit does Steve Forbes, the current publisher and the third generation of Forbes in that chair, deserve that his ancestors used to be fish?

The Scott McNealy I remember was rather like Ted Turner (also the son of a businessman, who got thrown out of college for having a girl in his room): an amiably roguish character, comfortable in the assumption of affluence. He was nobody you would have picked as an entrepreneurial hero of his generation, but nobody you would have assigned to life in a machine shop, either. And, mind you, this was before he had ever picked up a copy of *Forbes* magazine.

The log cabin myth—that our great figures worked their way up from scratch—is a treasured bit of Americana. It's a tribute to our egalitarian spirit. But it has its comic side. It can lead to reverse snobbery—the only kind of snobbery with any real power in America. There are people, of course, who pretend to come from snootier backgrounds than they do. But there are more, I suspect, who play the game *Forbes* played with Scott McNealy: shading their backgrounds down a level or three, in an attempt to appropriate some of that log cabin cachet.

More seriously, the log cabin myth helps to disguise the advantage that still comes, even in America, from having an affluent background—and the disadvantage that comes from not having one. It takes more than a subscription to *Forbes* to make up the difference.

MICHAEL KINSLEY

COMING SOON:

- JOHN JUDIS *on the rebirth of organized labor*
- MINDY ALOFF *on George Balanchine*
- JONATHAN RAUCH *on the delusions of populism*
- MICHAEL SCAMMELL *on Kate Millett*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

MAY 9, 1994

THE SAD WEEK

The incompetence of the Clinton administration before big-time history in Bosnia would be comic, if it wasn't tragic; and if the incompetence did not include also a shocking quantity of indifference. At this writing, the administration is in the middle of what might be called the "oops" phase of the Gorazde crisis. It has been surprised to discover that its own serenity about the bombing of hospitals and the shooting of men and women in the street and the mocking of international institutions and the lying to the world is not widely shared, that there are many people (a few of them in the government) who are ashamed and livid; and therefore that its performance in the Balkans might mean political trouble.

The prospect of political trouble bestirs the administration. And so Mustang Sally dismounted and, expecting the rest of us to believe that he really cares, gave a press conference in which he announced that the option of air strikes with "achievable objectives" remains open and sanctions on Serbia will be stricter and a "major diplomatic initiative" is imminent. Clinton's mastery of the subject was uncertain, and his language was detached and pedantic. He believes that the attack on Gorazde was "a setback for the momentum" toward peace, when the only real momentum has been toward war. The Serbs in Gorazde, he said, have "overreached." He called on the Serbs, who have proved that they are not honorable, "to honor their commitments." The secretary of state, the national security adviser and the permanent representative to the United Nations are making it known, with differing degrees of plausibility, that they are tormented by their country's inaction. (People have resigned positions in government for less.) The administration continues to take shelter in the institutions of collective security and to default on its obligations to the peacekeeping forces in Bosnia, or what should properly be described as occupied Bosnia. "A very sad week for the world," said the U.N.'s General Rose. The sad week reached a Dadaist low when it was announced that the United Nations and NATO were considering the lifting of the embargo against Serbia.

Oops, somebody in the West Wing must have said; and so the president is now chattering about lifting the embargo against Bosnia. Here, at this magazine, the rhetoric of outrage is failing us. Does Clinton really not see that he has presided over an acquiescence in genocide, and a moral and military humiliation of the United States, and an enshrinement of anarchy and tribal war as the norms of international behavior? If he does not see, we do not know quite how to make him see. We offer only a few lessons of the sad week.

The joy of purposeful action. The Serbs have a strategy, an objective, a plan. We have none of these. They act, we react. And we react not in the hope of solving the problem (this requires the strategic bombing of Serbian command, control and communications, and the arming of the Bosnians), but in the hope of making the problem go away. It is no wonder that the Serbs now brazenly announce their next move, "to defend [that is, to attack] Serb [that is, Bosnian] territory between Brcko and Doboj."

The danger of domesticity. It is well-known that the president prefers affairs at home to affairs abroad; but the debacle in Bosnia has shown this administration not only giving pride of place to the domestic over the foreign, but also giving pride of place to the domestic within the foreign. Its diplomacy is motivated mainly by politics. "We needed it," one of Clinton's political advisers was heard to explain about the dainty air strike on April 10. *They* needed it!

The return of the dominoes. The domino theory was supposed to have been retired with the cold war. Clinton has provided a domino theory for after the cold war. In Haiti last week a reign of terror was unleashed against the supporters of President Jean-Bertrand Aristide. It is impossible not to conclude that General Raoul Cedras is watching CNN, that the unchecked inhibitions of the Haitian butchers owe something to the unchecked inhibitions of the Serbian butchers. What happened to Clinton's gift for complexity? Suddenly he is dead to connections.

The value of values. The administration does not grasp that moral principles are also analytically useful. Consider its most frequently stated explanation for its timidity in the Balkans. It is reluctant, it says, to "take sides" in the conflict. It aspires to neutrality, in other words, between the Serbs and the Bosnians, between the conqueror and the conquered, between the raper and the raped. This is a kind of blindness, alas, that no major diplomatic initiative will cure. And it is a kind of blindness that will not escape the historians of these craven and uncaptained years in American foreign policy. •

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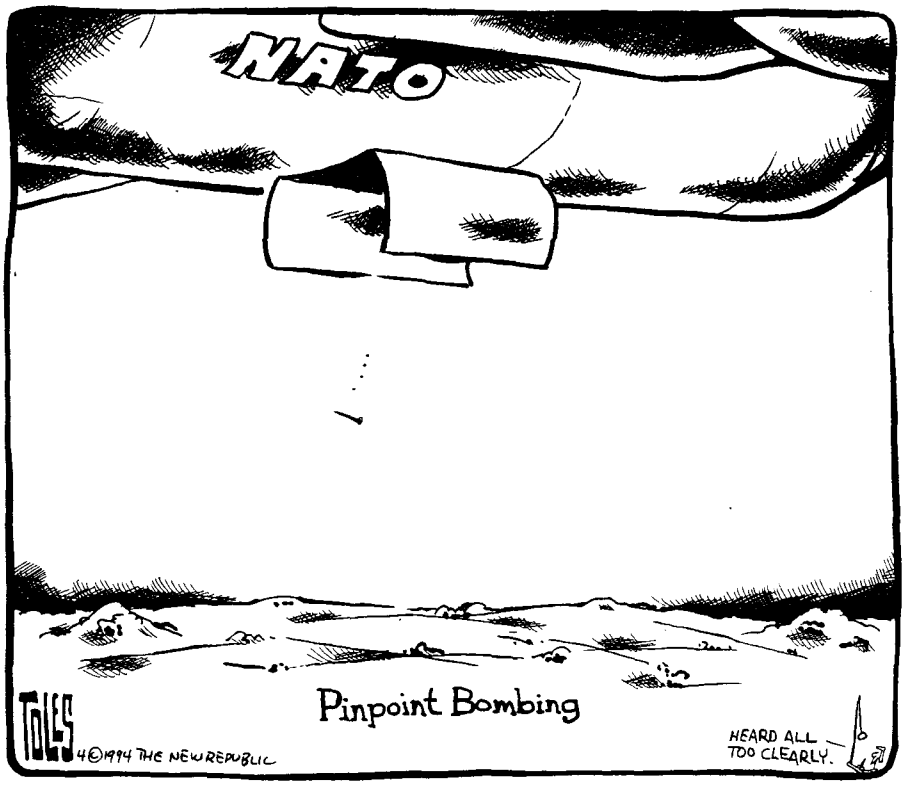
NOTEBOOK

DRIP, DRIP, DRIP: Sure, no one wants to mention Whitewater these days. Still, it's strange that so little attention was paid to a *Los Angeles Times* article of April 15, which analyzed the Whitewater Development Corporation's tax returns. *The Los Angeles Times* has been ahead on the story for many months now, but East Coasters still refuse to take it as seriously as they should. The *Times* reports that Whitewater's own corporate documents suggest that the Clintons invested a mere $13,000 in Whitewater—not several times that amount, as they first claimed. The Clintons' own tax returns claim $46,636 in payments. There are two possible explanations: either the Whitewater documents are in error or the Clintons dissembled the amount of their losses on their tax returns. More interestingly, the original Lyons Report, put out by the Clinton campaign two years ago to lay Whitewater to rest, had access to the development corporation's documents—yet it concluded that the venture took a far greater loss than the documents show, as well as claiming that it was taking losses in years the newly released documents show it to have been making profits. For example, the corporate returns indicate that Whitewater was bringing in as much as $60,000 annually from land sales during years in which the Lyons report said no sales were made. Once again, there are two possible explanations: either the Clinton campaign and Mr. Lyons's team of accountants simply misread the returns, or they deliberately dissembled about their contents. Yes, yes, we know that this all took place many years ago, but the mistakes (or the misrepresentations) would have gone uncorrected without the media's vigilance. Unless the press remains on the case, these remaining mysteries will go unsolved and the president's integrity will remain under a cloud. We recommend the *Times*'s reporting to Mr. Fiske, the special prosecutor, and, of course, to Mr. Clinton.



OUR VIEW ENTIRELY:

JAY MARVIN: Beth, on a car phone, you're on WLS. Go ahead.

BETH: Hi. I just wanted to say that ... I did vote for Bill Clinton, and now I'm very sorry to say that I voted for Bill Clinton. I'm very discouraged and disgusted.

MARVIN: Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Do you consider yourself to be liberal?

BETH: Well, no. I ... I ... I guess I would call myself kind of an in-between. My husband's very Republican and I ... I subscribe to a lot of liberal publications. I ... I ... I kind ... I guess I'm in-between.

MARVIN: What ... what ... what liberal publications do you take?

BETH: Me? *The Utne Reader.*

MARVIN: Yeah.

BETH: THE NEW REPUBLIC.

MARVIN: Well, that's a neo ... that's a neo ... that's kind of a neo-con type of neo-liberal type of thing.

BETH: Well, whatever.

—From the March 24 "Jay Marvin Show," WLS radio, Chicago

HEAD OF THE CLASS: An addendum to last week's ode to Chief Judge Richard Arnold of Arkansas ("For Arnold," TNR, May 2, 1994). As *Legal Times* notes this week, Arnold—a fine choice to replace Harry Blackmun on the Supreme Court—and Antonin Scalia were both members of the Harvard Law School Class of 1960. Arnold came in first. Scalia didn't make the top five.

LEACHING ON:

Rep. Leach, Critic of the Clintons, Faces Questions At Home, Underscoring Whitewater Risk for GOP

—*The Wall Street Journal*, April 12

Folks back home support Leach on Whitewater

—*The Washington Times*, April 11

(Thanks to Nicole Sampson and Gregg Willhauck, Washington, D.C.)

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BANK NOTE: Due to an editing error, the meaning of Worthen Banking Corporation CEO Curt Bradbury's letter to the editor in last week's issue was misconstrued. It should have referred to Stephens Inc.'s 1978 sale of a minority interest in Financial General Bankshares to investors represented by the Bank of Credit and Commerce International, not to investors representing BCCI, as printed. •

What I saw in Rwanda.

DARKNESS VISIBLE

By Joshua Hammer

On the winding tarmac road in northern Burundi, Nassir Awan Din lit another Embassy cigarette and gazed over a landscape of sweeping green valleys covered with maize fields, plump coffee bushes and shaggy banana trees. It was just before dusk, and we had been on the road for hours, heading to Kigali, the capital of Rwanda, in a Red Cross convoy. "It's a beautiful country," Din said in French, pointing to a sliver of moon rising over a vista of terraced fields. "Too bad these people are all mad."

Madness descends periodically onto the verdant and overpopulated hills of Burundi and Rwanda. But nobody can recall anything like what has gone on here during the past two weeks. On the evening of April 6 a plane carrying the presidents of the two countries, both from the majority Hutu tribe, was shot down on its approach to Kigali airport. Burundi—where 50,000 people had been massacred in October following the assassination of its previous president—remained calm. But in Rwanda, angry Hutu soldiers and civilians went on a rampage, reportedly slaughtering tens of thousands of members of the Tutsis, their rival tribe. About 2,000 troops from the Rwandan Patriotic Front, a largely Tutsi guerrilla movement that had been negotiating a peace agreement with the Hutu government, advanced from enclaves in northern Rwanda to the outskirts of the capital. A 2,500-man United Nations force, established last year to keep peace between the tribes, hunkered down in the barracks, powerless to stop the bloodletting.

My driver, "James" Din, as he called himself, a 53-year-old, hatchet-faced Afghani journeyman-adventurer who had been born in Uganda and raised in Bujumbura, carried a British passport and spoke French. Din had transported fuel to Uganda during the bloody last days of Idi Amin, and had trucked grain into Somalia during the 1991-1992 civil war. He seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the most dangerous assignment of his life. "I've seen a lot of things," he said, peering through aviator sunglasses, his "Penn State 1986 NCAA Champions" cap cocked at a jaunty angle. Periodically, Din would gesture out the window of his truck at some dingy hamlet populated by ragged villagers, who gazed at us as if we had touched down from another planet. "It all looks normal now," he would say of Burundi's countryside, which had been torn by tribal massacres six months earlier. "But it will take five or ten years to heal."

What provokes these periodic spasms of mass murder? In both of these benighted countries fear, suspicion and hatred of "the other" seem to simmer just below the surface, fueled by ignorance, poverty and the collective memory of earlier killings. In the last year the shakeup of the repressive political order has further ignited passions. Burundi's Tutsi minority, which dominates all aspects of society, transferred power to a democratically elected Hutu president last July. He lasted just three months before Tutsi senior military officers murdered him, setting off a cycle of revenge, first by Hutu villagers against their Tutsi neighbors, then by Tutsi soldiers against Hutus.

In Rwanda, where the Hutus rule, President Juvenal Habyarimana had long been engaged in negotiations with the RPF to integrate the armed forces and set up a transitional government of Tutsis and Hutus. But Habyarimana's clique of Hutu supremacists was never keen on sharing power, and one theory I've often heard is that his plane was shot down by a faction of the elite Presidential Guards, who saw him as an obstacle to ethnic reconciliation.

At 2 p.m. on Wednesday, we arrived at the Nyabarongo River, which marks the outskirts of Kigali. Here we saw the first signs of war. Two bloated bodies floated in a clump of reeds below the bridge. Black-bereted soldiers of the Presidential Guard drank beer and homebrewed whiskey beside a roadblock. One half-drunk soldier stuck his M-16 at three foreigners sitting inside a Red Cross truck and demanded, in French, "Any Belgians?" (Belgians, Rwanda's former colonizers, are not popular here.) Then he ordered the drivers to unload all twenty tons of medical supplies so the army could search for weapons. The order was rescinded only after Philippe Gaillard, the head of the ICRC delegation, pulled out a card signed by the president of Rwanda's ruling party, granting the convoy safe passage.

Gaillard gathered us together by the bridge. Shooting had broken out between RPF and government forces a few hundred yards up the road, he said. We were to keep our heads down, put on flak jackets and prepare to race through roadblocks. There was a burst of machine-gun fire, followed by the crash of heavy artillery. The convoy crossed the bridge and moved toward central Kigali, escorted by a jeep-load of friendly troops. Corpses, overturned cars and refugees lined the road. We rolled without incident through one barricade after another—some manned by soldiers, others by plainclothed militiamen clutching machetes, axes or grenades.

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The Milles Collines, a five-story luxury hotel perched on a hill in central Kigali, was filled with the incongruities of war. About 500 terrified Tutsis and Hutus had taken refuge inside, guarded by moderate members of the Rwandan army. The Milles Collines had run out of food the previous night and its pool had turned into a fetid swamp—but it still offered direct-dial international phone service and CNN in every room. From my balcony overlooking the hilly northern and eastern outskirts of Kigali, I could hear machine-gun and mortar fire raging over the rebel-held Parliament building and the airport. Over the din of battle and the CNN weather report, a young hotel employee named Jean-Baptiste calmly changed the bed, trying not to flinch when the crackle of gunfire came closer. Jean-Baptiste was a Tutsi who had been on night duty when Habyarimana's plane was shot down. "The manager promised us protection," he told me. "I am afraid for the Tutsi employees who weren't working that night." I asked him about a young Tutsi waiter I had befriended during two stays at the hotel. "Nobody has seen him in six days," he said. "He was very tall and very thin. Everybody could tell he was a Tutsi. He is almost certainly dead."

To move around outside the hotel, we hot-wired some of the hundreds of cars abandoned in embassy and school parking lots by fleeing expatriates. (One young English photographer had looted four Land Cruisers; he planned to drive them to Kenya and sell them for $25,000 apiece.) But our mobility was impaired by Hutu militiamen. At a checkpoint on the road to a makeshift Red Cross hospital, five soldiers waved and bade us a cheery "Bonjour!" Three corpses riddled with bullets lay at their feet. A dozen Tutsis waited on operating tables at the hospital, most dying from machete wounds. A 40-year-old woman told me how the militiamen had attacked her family with hammers and machetes. "They attacked everybody," she said, displaying a gouge behind her left ear. "Then they buried the living with the dead."

After twenty-four hours in Kigali we had seen enough. Rebels had begun shelling the airport. Radio Milles Collines, a Hutu supremacist station, was fomenting anti-Tutsi passions. That afternoon, the Red Cross had suspended all relief operations after a Hutu gang at a checkpoint pulled six wounded Tutsis from an ICRC vehicle and shot them dead. And the last Belgian troops, sent in to evacuate expatriates, were about to leave. At 4 p.m. a contingent of Ghanaian and Senegalese troops in armored personnel carriers arrived at the Milles Collines to lead a convoy of journalists to the airport. Then, as two rebel shells exploded on the tarmac nearby, we boarded a Belgian C-130 transport with thirty Rwandan refugees. As we took off for Nairobi, I remembered the parting words of Jean-Baptiste. "You are leaving without the full story, my friend," he had said, watching forlornly as we carried our luggage through the hotel lobby. "These massacres are just beginning."

JOSHUA HAMMER is *Newsweek*'s Nairobi bureau chief.

PALO ALTO POSTCARD

PEACE

By Douglas Coupland

On April 16 Palo Alto turned 100. Palo Alto is where the Brady Bunch might have lived: amid the Arcadian suburban foliage of the mid-San Francisco peninsula—in shingled Arts & Crafts neighborhoods flocked by eucalypti, junipers, pears, tree ferns, sequoias and gently flowering grapefruits; or in quiet, ranch house-lined streets bursting with Nile lilies and Watsonia, purple Mexican sage and orange hibiscus, bright yellow flowering patio daisy trees and clematis vines. Palo Alto is also home to hundreds of Silicon Valley high-tech firms, each discreetly nestled behind precisely bermed and groomed grounds—fully considered landscapes politely serenaded by the tsk-tsk of sprinklers, the giggles of kids on bicycles and the occasional hum of a passing Lexus.

Palo Alto (pop.: 55,900) is perhaps the last fully functioning, fiscally secure, middle-class California dreamscape in existence. It is a lovely city, and it works; it has given the world far more than it has ever taken, and to find any fault would be gratuitous and petty. Palo Alto, or a platonic vision of it, lurks in the backs of many minds as the ideal that is worth fighting for when fighting is called for.

Stanford University, Palo Alto's initial raison d'etre, was founded in 1891 by railroad tycoon Leland Stanford in memory of his son, Leland Jr., who died of typhoid during an Italian sojourn. The mightily endowed campus, like most coastal California campuses, is an abundant collection of terra-cotta-roofed buildings surrounded by intelligently tended foliage. The trip west to the main quad, up University Avenue from downtown—a quarter-mile drive sentineled on both sides by beefy, obviously old Canary Island date palms—confirms the impression that Palo Alto, all twenty-six square miles of it, is a place blessed with less need to scrimp than others.

But strangely, midway down this palmed drive and off to the left, there is a road where everything changes, where all evidence of maintenance—all evidence of *humanity*—instantly vanishes. This is the Arboretum Restoration Project. The grass isn't mowed here—it is an experiment in anti-landscaping, an experiment to restore what once was. Wear thick pants if you visit: the wild oats, burdock and wild radish are dense with Himalayan brambles, juvenile palms, orange California poppies, sorrel, milk thistle and last year's browned, dead star thistles. A thicket of ash, maple, willow and

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acacia next to a small swamp harbors chatting scrub jays and stoic blue herons; overhead, a pair of Cooper's hawks rides the wind. The soil has been inoculated with the seeds of rare indigenous species and it appears the seeds are doing well. There is a mood of raptors and dilophosauri lurking hungrily behind the clumps of elderberries and Coyote brush—of the savagery that can recapture even the most Disneyfied of environments. In fact, the only man-made structure visible from the arboretum, and then barely, is just above the trees off to the southwest, a campanile. Head toward it, and soon enough you are out of the paleo-landscape and into a youthscape of volleyball, Rollerbladers and Hondas.

The campanile is the carillon tower of the Herbert Hoover Institute on War, Revolution and Peace, founded in 1941 by Hoover, quite literally, Stanford's first student. In the piazza outside the building's main entrance, frat kids slosh each other with gobs of water scooped with frisbees from a fountain. Inside the tower's main doors, in the cool, echoey antechamber, the mood is a bit more subdued. On either side of an almost parodically grim 1940s information booth are two museum rooms, one on the left dedicated to Hoover's wife, Lou Henry Hoover, and one on the right dedicated to Hoover himself. The feeling is as if one has had a flat tire in a strange town and strayed into an offbeat museum—the Museum of Walnuts, say, or a History of Manganese.

Hoover's room is the size of a 7-Eleven, but with high, cool stucco walls. Display cases hold such Hooveriana as a chunk of Hematite ore collected by geology major Hoover in Kalgoorlie, Australia, at the beginning of the century, and a 1921 letter, approved by Lenin, from Maxim Gorky to the West, pleading for aid to the starving Russian people. On a sixteen-inch Sony there is a haunting five-minute loop of black and white footage of Hoover declaring that the institute, and its 1.7 million documents, will "aid in the development of makers of peace."

In the center of the room stands a vitrine containing a pewter model of the Hoover Dam and a small cast-iron sculpture titled *Tolstoy and Plow* in honor of Hoover's reorganization of the Kyshtyn iron mine in 1910. And at the end of the display is a wall-mounted copy of Hoover's 1941 book, *The Problems of Lasting Peace.* Time and memory may not have been generous to him, but there is no denying the good intentions of Herbert Hoover—intentions nourished in large part by Palo Alto.

For a dollar, one can go to the top of the fourteen-floor tower. It is an overcast day, but the visibility is staggering. San Francisco is to the north. To the south are San Jose, Santa Clara, Sunnyvale, Cupertino, Mountain View—the forges of the post-industrial age housed in their industrial parks and flanked by Palo Alto-ish suburbs whose well-considered greenery almost visibly pump oxygen into the cool, gray sky of this midspring day. To the west is the campus—Rodin's thinker in the library quad below—and, beyond it, the mountains of the peninsula. And to the east, past Stanford Stadium and the rest of the university, is the city of Palo Alto itself.

Palo Alto—100 years old. Palo Alto, where the citizens calmly celebrate their centennial along main street with balloons and a specially created "Palo Alto Peach" ice cream. Palo Alto, dreaming of its 10,000th birthday, quietly knowing that peace is not the natural state of the world, that the world is really a weedy, carnivorous, unwieldy place; knowing that a fragment of this overgrown world is visible from Herbert Hoover's bell tower, like a seed lying dormant—a seed that may or may not germinate, a seed whose life depends entirely on the will of the people.

DOUGLAS COUPLAND is author of *Life After God* (Pocket Books).

Mandela's leadership lapse.

FULL NELSON

By Joseph Contreras

By now it is assured that Nelson Mandela's African National Congress (ANC) will coast to power when South Africa's elections are held April 26-28. One question lingers, however: What kind of president will Mandela make? Some unsettling conclusions can be drawn from his reaction to the March 28 massacre of Zulu protesters in the heart of Johannesburg's business district.

For the first four days of the crisis a laryngitis-stricken Mandela was nowhere to be seen. He finally surfaced on March 31 to speak in support of his opponent, South African President F. W. de Klerk. Hours earlier, de Klerk had imposed a state of emergency in strife-torn Natal province in the hope of reining in the mainly Zulu Inkatha Freedom Party, the ANC's main rival there. Citing a need to stem the carnage, Mandela defended the state of emergency—a draconian measure that the ANC stoutly opposed during four decades of apartheid—in a manner that was nothing short of alarming. Asked if his support for the measure indicated how an ANC-led government would handle its political opponents, Mandela angrily replied that he had no time to address such an "esoteric" question. Later, Mandela was pressed about the murder of eight pro-Inkatha Zulus by trigger-happy ANC guards, and about his subsequent refusal to allow police to search his national headquarters. Did the ANC consider itself above the law? "I am entitled to negotiate with law and order officials," he snapped.

The Mandela who faced the nation after the Johannesburg massacre was irritable, imperious, even sarcastic—nothing like the heroic, iconic portrait the foreign press has painted of him. He was certainly not the same man who gently walked out of a prison farm in February 1990. For all of his 75 years, Mandela has a flexible

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intellect. He long ago discarded the Socialist nostrums he espoused as an idealistic attorney in the 1950s, and he has worked hard to build bridges to South Africa's jittery business community. More generally, he has gone out of his way to assure whites that their skills and capital are welcome in a post-apartheid South Africa, and he has indicated that an ANC-led government will be congenial toward multinational corporations.

Mandela has also shown himself to be a skilled negotiator and a shrewd politician. Within six months of his release from jail he suspended the ANC's armed struggle, a gesture aimed mainly at shoring up de Klerk's support among whites. He has listened to white right-wingers who want an autonomous homeland. Despite relentless fighting between Inkatha and ANC supporters that has claimed more than 10,000 lives in Natal and elsewhere since the mid-1980s, Mandela has held five summits with Inkatha leader Mangosuthu Buthelezi—and when a last-minute breakthrough paved the way for Inkatha's participation in the country's elections, Mandela credited the strong personal bond between the two men as one of the factors that had made the agreement possible.

In other respects, however, Mandela's demeanor has clashed with the statesmanlike image his handlers have so assiduously cultivated. Consider Mandela's willingness to overlook the venality and criminal conduct of some of his longtime comrades—foremost among them his estranged wife, Winnie. According to the ANC's own internal rules, Mrs. Mandela's 1991 conviction on four counts of kidnapping should have kept her from seeking a seat in Parliament, for she was found guilty of a "nonpolitical" crime. Yet the ANC's national executive committee decided to bend the rules in her case—a tacit acknowledgment of her vast popularity—and her name appeared on the list of ANC officials nominated for Parliament at the grass-roots level. Ever loyal, Mandela endorsed the exemption with the lame argument that the ANC was duty-bound to respect the "verdict of the masses."

Less well-known are the cases of Mzwai Piliso and Joe Modise, who held senior positions in the ANC's armed wing during the long years of exile. Last year an ANC-appointed commission implicated Modise and Piliso in serious human rights abuses that occurred in ANC guerrilla camps in Angola during the 1980s. Instead of being punished for their treatment of suspected government infiltrators, however, both men joined Mrs. Mandela on the national list of parliamentary candidates. Modise, who served as commander of the *Umkhonto we Sizwe* guerrilla force for more than twenty-five years, is even being touted as a future defense minister. The commission also criticized Deputy Secretary-General Jacob Zuma for failing to prevent human rights abuses when he was the ANC's chief of intelligence. Yet Zuma is in line for the sensitive position of premier (the equivalent of state governor) in turbulent Natal.

Mandela's brand of cronyism extends to foreign affairs as well. U.S. State Department officials are particularly worried about his long-standing friendships with Fidel Castro, Muammar Qaddafi and Yasir Arafat. Though U.S. Ambassador Princeton Lyman has bent the ears of Mandela and other ANC officials, he seems resigned to the opening of Cuban and Libyan embassies in Pretoria in the near future.

The problem with Mandela isn't simply poor judgment. He also wields little effective control over his militant followers. This has become painfully obvious during the past four years. During the initial months of his freedom he implored ANC supporters in Natal to throw their *pangas* (machetes) "into the sea," but he was ignored. Later, he urged youths to allow de Klerk to campaign in black neighborhoods and rural areas. Again, his calls went unheeded. After years of exhorting blacks not to pay electricity bills and to render townships ungovernable, it is hard to imagine President Mandela persuading his constituents in Soweto to start paying rent or striking trade-union members to accept wage freezes.

Then there is his relationship with de Klerk, who is expected to head the loyal opposition. When Mandela emerged from jail he praised the lifelong National Party pol as "a man of integrity." But as the unrest in the townships spiraled out of control, Mandela ferociously turned on him. Last July, when they traveled together to Washington to receive the Liberty Medal from President Clinton, Mandela made a point of snubbing de Klerk. Last December, during a visit to Oslo to pick up the Nobel Peace Prize, Mandela branded de Klerk a "political criminal"—even though the two men shared the prize. More recently, on April 10, Mandela recycled a familiar theme and accused de Klerk of not doing enough to end black-on-black violence. "Our people are being killed by Inkatha and a Third Force consisting of senior state officials, and that is what de Klerk is trying to cover up," he told an enthusiastic throng of followers in Soweto. "He is conniving in the massacre of innocent people in this country because they are blacks."

Even in the context of an election campaign, such overheated rhetoric troubles some of Mandela's greatest admirers, including Nobel prize-winning Anglican Archbishop Desmond Tutu. "To be involved in the hurly-burly [of an election] detracts a bit from [his] stature," Tutu told the *Christian Science Monitor* last December. Yet Mandela, at times, seems to relish his verbal salvos. "He doesn't regard de Klerk as a peer but rather as a subordinate or impostor," says Tom Lodge, a political science professor at the University of the Witwatersrand who specializes in black South African politics. "He has taken the ungraciousness to an absurd degree."

The role of patron saint of the anti-apartheid struggle came naturally to Mandela, and he played it to perfection. Even today, politically correct South Africans persist in treating him like a demigod. "Of course, it remains difficult to write of a phenomenon like Mr. Mandela in terms other than hagiography," author Nadine Gordimer wrote recently. Given his lifetime of service in the name of freedom, Mandela deserves such gratitude. Yet no amount of praise will change the fact that he is, like all human beings, flawed.

JOSEPH CONTRERAS is *Newsweek*'s Johannesburg bureau chief.

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Chamber of Commerce

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Association for Gerontology and
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The Jersey City experiment.

SCHUNDLER'S LUST

By Ruth Shalit

Jersey City, New Jersey, is America's sixty-seventh largest city, but on this overcast April morning its crumbling overpasses and seedy storefronts give it the aspect of a ghost town. "Historic changes are coming to City Hall," vows Bret Schundler, Jersey City's newly minted Republican mayor. And indeed, on the day of my visit I find the modest three-story building has been wrapped, Christo-style, in layers of Day-Glo yellow plastic sheeting. "They're repairing it," explains my cab driver. "There was a fire in '78." Inside, the radiator clanks noisily, faucets spurt reddish-brown water and a wide walnut staircase sags and groans beneath my feet. A single circular fluorescent lighting tube radiates a feeble, tubercular-blue glow. There is, in short, something surly about the place. And no wonder: its most famous occupant, Frank Hague, was so corrupt he had the mayoral desk rigged so he could shove a drawer into the lap of the visitor opposite him for the deposit of bribes.

But things are different now. The walk-in vault where Boss Hague once kept his swag now holds legal pads and wicker baskets. Outside the leaden casement windows, geraniums bloom. For the first time since 1917, Jersey City residents, 79 percent of whom are registered Democrats, have elected a Republican as their chief executive. And what a Republican! "A new breed of office-seeker," writes *Campaigns & Elections*. "He has no gnawing ambitions to climb the ladder of elective office simply for the sport or ego gratification of competitive challenge. He is, quite simply, a guy who wants to help his community." *The Washington Post* has run no fewer than three columns praising Schundler's commonsense solutions; his lean, lineless face adorns *The Wall Street Journal* editorial page nearly every week. At Harvard, we learn from his bio, Schundler "washed dishes and worked as a janitor . . . to help pay his tuition." And yes, he spent the '80s as a bond trader at Salomon Brothers; but not, his bio helpfully adds, without taking six months off to hoe land on a kibbutz in Haifa.

But this afternoon there is to be no kibbutzing or kibitzing. Schundler greets me briefly, then dashes into a private conference room, an entourage of consultants in tow. For hours, the group remains holed up behind giant oak double doors. The mayor won't come out, not even for a long-scheduled interview. What sinister favors was he exacting? "You'll have to forgive our mayor!" trills scheduler Carol Cook. "He's talking about his favorite subject!" "And what might that be?" twinkles executive assistant Peggy Capaldo. The two of them shake their heads indulgently. "School choice!"

Jersey City is a logical place for a new Republican urban agenda. The city's crime rate is among the highest in the state; it has a chronic budget deficit; its schools are a fiscal and educational black hole: though Jersey City spends an average of $9,249 per year on each student, only 16 percent of ninth-grade students can pass proficiency tests. It's Schundler's repeated vows to tackle these problems that have won him a national constituency. "The first RNC meeting I chaired after the election, I got Bret to come and speak to the entire committee," says GOP Chairman Haley Barbour. "He's been very effective in showing the voters of Jersey City, especially minorities, why Republican principles are in their best interests." A new RNC flier features photos of Ronald Reagan, Bob Dole, Margaret Thatcher and Bret Schundler.

Schundler, a Republican only since 1991, was first elected mayor in a fluke special election held on November 3, 1992, in which the Democratic Party couldn't agree on a candidate and his two main rivals were the brothers Manzo: Louis M. and Allen L. After their mother, Mary, appeared in a television ad for Louis, urging people to vote for him and calling him "the Real Manzo," things turned ugly. The fresh-faced Schundler won in a walk.

During the six-month interim term that followed, Schundler was a whirlwind of activity—cutting the city payroll, putting more cops on the street and bringing down property taxes through a complicated plan that involved bundling the city's tax liens and selling them off to First Boston. In July of 1993 Schundler and his handpicked nine-person City Council slate (all Democrats) swept into office in a landslide. Conservatives seized on his victory as evidence of an unstoppable, multiracial Republicanism welling up from the local level. "The most exciting Republican in the country," raved Newt Gingrich.

But since then, the pace of change has slowed. Though Schundler holds out his administration as a model for urban reform for the rest of the nation, few of his grand schemes have actually come to pass. The amount of the voucher in his school choice plan has been whittled down from $5,000 to $500. Community policing is faltering amid union opposition. And the overstuffed Jersey City bureaucracy continues to grow: according to Walter Rabner of the city clerk's office, payroll costs are up by more than $1 million this year. Meanwhile, three of the four minority council members elected on Schundler's ticket are now political foes.

One problem may be that instead of applying his wildly inventive ideas to dreary Jersey City, Mayor Schundler has been gadding about on happier corners of the earth. "It's the classic story of the life-saving doctor who neglects his own kids," admits one Schundler confidant. One week, it seems, he's honing his themes on the Cayman Islands at a Cato Institute retreat. The next, it's off to London to address the Social Market

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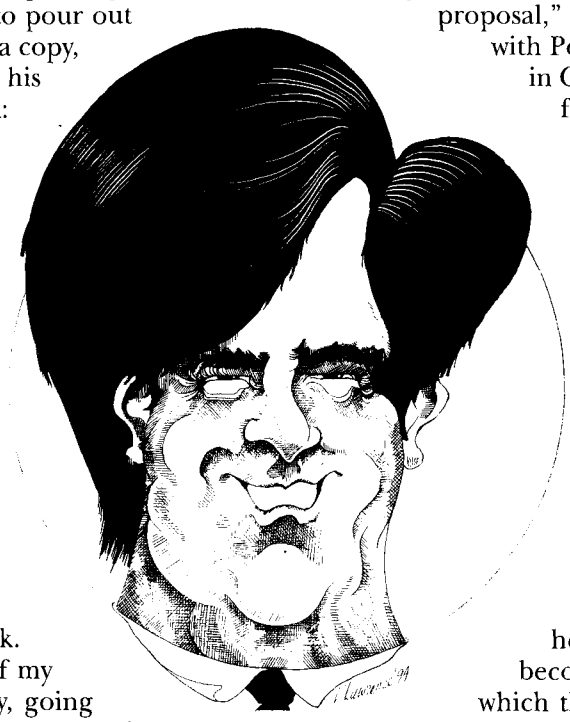
Foundation. The voters are beginning to notice. "Mayor, Mayor, way out there!" writes Annette E. Rybka in a recent letter to the *Jersey Journal*. "What are you doing there? That's not Grove Street, Jersey City! Mayor, Mayor, are you here?"

To help resolve that question, press secretary John Gallagher has promised to provide me with a list of Schundler's speaking engagements so far this year. But when I arrive to claim my list, he says he has misplaced it, and can provide only a partial sampling. The new list, scrawled on a piece of legal paper, reads: "Goldwater Institute—Jan. 17 ... C-PAC Conference: 2-10." But just then, Mayor Schundler comes tearing out from behind the double doors, his guests behind him. "Make sure these guys have that list of every group I've ever spoken to, and every group I'm going to be speaking to," he tells Cook. As spools of paper begin to pour out of the printer, I ask if I may have a copy, too. Schundler whirls about on his heel. "No!" he says. And to Cook: "Please don't give her one."



We walk into his office. "I'll give you a list of some of the groups I'm going to," he says, walking over to an oak pedestal writing desk. "But not all of them. The list I've prepared for Tom is, you know, everybody.... I don't like to publicize my—getting around. What happens, you see, is the Democratic machine is not happy to have me as mayor. They say, 'The mayor is never here.' Now, by the end of May, none of this criticism will stick. Next month I'll be doing one of my frenzied swings through the city, going everywhere so that everybody sees me again. But in the meantime, it's just fodder for these guys." Anger slips out around the edges of his voice. "Anything they can attack me on, they will attack me on. They say, 'Well, the people just voted for him because, maybe, let's say, he's young. Or, they voted for him because, he's, you know, he's—*cute*.' " Schundler spits out the word. "One time, I went to an event, you know. And one of these guys—he basically made a disparaging comment about me. He said, 'He's just a, uh, a bimbo.' "

The mayor *is* cute: big, mild and thatchy-haired, with slightly off-center features and a graceful, weighty voice. And ordinarily, I might have pressed him harder for that list. But today, time is scarce. In just a few hours Schundler will be presented with the "Outstanding Republican Achievement Award" at a $100-a-plate banquet sponsored by the National Women's Republican Club of New York. The next day it's off to Washington at 6 a.m. to tape a C-SPAN call-in show; then over to the White House for a photo-op with President Clinton on the crime bill. From there, he'll head to the Amelia Islands, just off the coast of Florida. "I'll be giving a speech to members of the Heritage Foundation," he says.

Is all of this frenetic out-of-state activity paying off? "Very much so," marvels the mayor. "Before I got into this full-time, I would read Bill Kristol in *The Wall Street Journal*. I had never met Bill Kristol, you know. Now, I know Bill Kristol. He knows me. And I know Bill Bennett. And he knows me." But does he know his own city councilman? Schundler swats aside the question. "These ideas won votes," he says. "I got elected because people believed in them. Now, I'm not there, yet, O.K.? So some people can validly say: the mayor has thrown out a lot of good ideas, but how many has he actually incorporated?... Have I made all this occur yet? No. But I'm working like a dog to get there." By doing what, exactly?

"I have given Newt Gingrich a copy of my welfare reform proposal," says the mayor. "I had a meeting with Pete Wilson for an hour and a half in California, talking about some different things, among them welfare reform, but also health care reform. The Republican senators are having a retreat.... I've been invited to talk to them about urban issues."

Schundler's favorite such issue is welfare reform. "My sense of what we should do on welfare," he says, "is that we should give a $10,000 refundable tax credit, non-means-tested, to every American adult for housing, health care and food." Even to John D. Rockefeller? "Yes. That way, you remove health care as a business cost. It becomes a national tax expense in which the governor doesn't get revenue because you tax-credit away this money." When I ask him if this might not deplete his entire tax base, he says: "Well, yes! Of course it does! Didn't I say from the very beginning that the whole goal of government has to be to put government in the hands of the people?"

Could his plan actually be carried out? "Of course it could!" In Jersey City? "Oh. Well. No. I would say this stuff, the federal government will probably waive a state at a time. So, no, I'm not going to be able to do it in Jersey City, alone, if that's your question. So why am I pushing this stuff? Because, uh ... well, let's look at the other benefits of this plan." Schundler whips out a little notepad. "O.K. Let's say you make $10,000 under my scenario. Let's say the three refundable tax credits are worth $2,500 each. Let's say they're only refundable 80 percent on the dollar, because if you buy your own health care with your own money, you get a bigger tax credit. Give me $2,000 for that purpose. Now you've got a total package of $6,000. Twenty-five percent you'll lose.... As you get $10,000 worth of income, you would

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Apple juice

Every twenty-five years or so since 1914, New York's Democratic establishment has been routed by a Republican reformer leading a rickety coalition of business elites, patrician good-government types, burghers, newer immigrants and other groups on the outs with the machine. By that standard, Rudolph Giuliani, the city's 107th mayor, is a typical successor to John Purroy Mitchell, Fiorello LaGuardia and John Lindsay. But while Giuliani's Republican predecessors moved leftward in office to offset conservative dissatisfaction, he isn't following them. Where LaGuardia and Lindsay championed the welfare state, Giuliani is dismantling it. His fiscal conservatism, his distant relations with blacks and his sermonettes on personal responsibility reinforce his sometime image as a right-winger.

Then again, Giuliani was disowned during last fall's campaign by conservatives William Bennett and Patrick Buchanan, who said he was "too liberal" for the GOP. And he was embraced by such Democrats as the late Robert Wagner Jr. and actor Ron Silver, who argued that Giuliani was a pragmatist responding to upheavals that are transforming America's cities. Even black Democratic mayors such as Detroit's Dennis Archer and Cleveland's Michael White are saying and doing virtually the same things Giuliani is.

So which is it: Is Rudy Giuliani a New Democrat or an Old Republican? The truth is, he's a hybrid we'll see more of in the '90s—a mayor who subordinates partisanship to "reinventing" municipal government and reviving urban investment. Part of this message comes straight from Bill Clinton's campaign playbook: transcend racial grievances, boost the economy and education and get tough on crime. But unlike Clinton, Giuliani and his counterparts aren't beholden to traditional Democratic constituencies like unions and civil rights groups. Unlike Ronald Reagan, who preached fiscal and personal discipline while pushing an anti-urban agenda, they stake their careers on improving public safety and public schools.

Also unlike Reagan, Giuliani's conservative tone is softened by liberal grace notes, such as support for gay rights and a bill to keep protesters from blocking entrances to abortion clinics. And liberals often find they like Giuliani when they meet him in person. Unimposing in boxy suits and nerdy glasses, he wields a self-deprecating wit and a lawyerly erudition.

Ultimately, however, Giuliani will be judged by what he does, particularly in three areas: the budget, race and political style.

Budget. Giuliani faces a $2.3 billion deficit in the city's $31 billion budget, rising unemployment and a welfare caseload of 1.2 million people—more than one in seven New Yorkers. His response has been starkly conservative: cut taxes on hotel and commercial occupancy to encourage economic revival and shed 15,000 of the city's 214,000 workers through a severance plan wrested from municipal unions. Next month, Giuliani will begin to push an austerity budget—his equivalent of Reagan's Omnibus Reconciliation Act of 1981—through New York's restive City Council.

Especially controversial is Giuliani's insistence on exempting cops, firefighters and teachers—who are mostly white—from any cuts. That puts an unbearable strain on other agencies struggling with poverty, AIDS and child abuse. Giuliani insists that improving safety, schools and jobs, even at the cost of painful dislocations elsewhere, will benefit the poor more than anything that social service bureaucrats and racial activists have done. (It will also benefit the police and fire unions, which supported him last fall, and the teachers' union, which abandoned his predecessor, David Dinkins, and remained pointedly neutral.) Such selective retrenchment enrages the left. "There is something unseemly about preaching the value of work while cutting back jobs, opportunities and hope," David Jones of the Community Service Society wrote recently in Harlem's *Amsterdam News*. The mayor's reply—that no community can thrive when tax-draining public jobs drive out tax-paying private ones—seems a cold abstraction to his critics.

Looking past the July 1 budget deadline, Giuliani has advisers working to bring future budgets into balance. He plans agency consolidations and eliminations; managed competition and partnerships with private contractors; sales of city assets, including two municipal hospitals; and new procurement and hiring policies. He is also demanding unprecedented influence over independent public authorities, complaining that they misspend billions in city tax dollars. For example, he is withholding funds from the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, which opposes his plans to merge its police department with the city's. "If the MTA wants its own police force, let them pay for it," he snaps. "Why should I write a $300 million check when they have salaries and perks I couldn't tolerate?"

In a late-night confrontation two weeks ago that prompted schools chancellor Ramon Cortines to resign, Giuliani won 2,500 administrative cuts from the semi-independent Board of Education, to which City Hall gives more than $3 billion per year. And he appointed a political ally, Herman Badillo, as a mayoral counsel to oversee school finances. Only Governor Mario Cuomo's intervention persuaded Cortines to stay on the job. Undaunted, Giuliani is now wrestling with the powers in Albany in pursuit of state aid.

Race. Last fall, after Giuliani carried less than 5 percent of the black vote in defeating Dinkins, some black politicians publicly warned other blacks not to shake hands with him—let alone work for him. Yet Giuliani has hired half a dozen black commissioners, and in a recent *Daily News* poll, 21 percent of blacks rated him favorably.

Giuliani's layoffs and service reductions will hit blacks hard because they depend heavily on the public sector. Equally problematic is his laudable effort to shift the city's racial discourse to a "single standard" of debate. A premise of his campaign was that many people of color reject race-based educational and economic remedies. Like his counterparts in other cities, he did well among Asian American and Hispanic voters. That blunted charges of racism, but not blacks' fears of losing ground.

For example, predictions that Giuliani's cops would declare "open season" on blacks seemed justified when, a few days into his mayoralty, police in Harlem answered a phony robbery call and stormed a Nation of Islam mosque. Giuliani coolly sidelined Al Sharpton's "mediation" efforts, however, and his insistence on treating

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the incident as a police matter was vindicated as it became clear that cops had been beaten by enraged worshipers, not vice-versa. "I don't have a special message for any group," Giuliani says. "People in this city don't need special things. They need more of certain general things—safety, education, jobs. The officers who went into that mosque didn't ask the color or gender of the people they were trying to protect. That's how most New Yorkers conduct themselves, and it's how I'll run this administration."

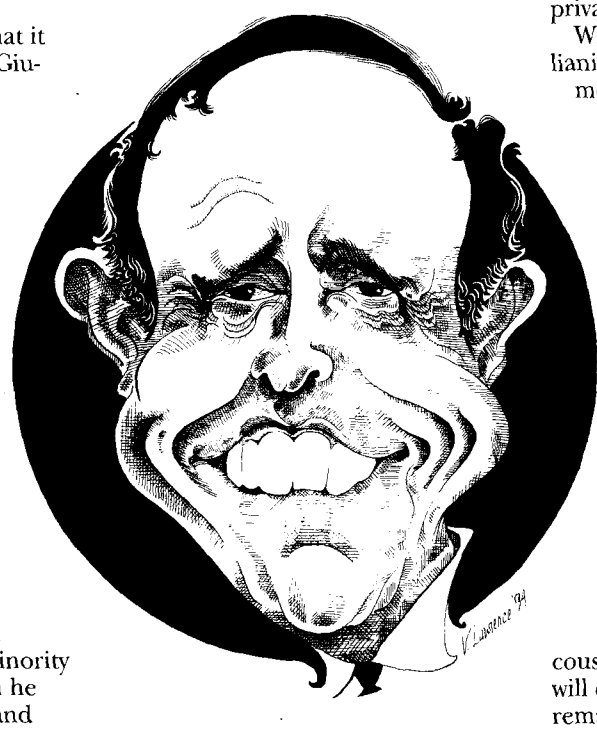
After the tortuous racial etiquette of Dinkins's "gorgeous mosaic," such preaching sounds almost otherworldly, and many blacks feel that it masks racial double standards. Giuliani won the endorsement of Ruben Franco, director of the Puerto Rican Legal Defense Fund, by lobbying for an odious redistricting scheme that produced the convoluted "Hispanic" twelfth congressional district. Franco now chairs the New York City Housing Authority. Giuliani also awarded a cushy advisory post to Dinkins's fire commissioner, Carlos Rivera, who broke ranks and endorsed him toward the end of the campaign. Loyalty to supporters is nothing new, but in Giuliani's New York it deepens blacks' isolation.

In January Giuliani came out against price preferences for minority bidders on city contracts, which he says pervert affirmative action and sometimes reward "fronts" for out-of-town whites. Blaming such contracts and patronage for massive cost overruns in the $1 billion reconstruction of Kings County Hospital, which serves poor blacks, he slapped a moratorium on the project. In February he proposed that the city start "finger-imaging" welfare recipients to prevent fraud and that the data be accessible to law enforcement agencies. City Councilwoman Una Thomlinson-Clarke likened it to "branding the slaves" until it became clear that many city employees, including all commissioners, already submit to it.

Giuliani needs to show he is color-blind on corruption. He recently oversaw the arrests of fourteen cops for drug-related corruption and brutality and made them do on-camera "perp walks" in handcuffs. That helps.

Style. Every day at 8 a.m. Giuliani huddles with a dozen top aides, including assistants from his days as U.S. attorney as well as his oldest friend and alter ego, Deputy Mayor Peter Powers. They function like a group of white men who have played hockey together for years; newcomers such as Deputy Mayors Ninfa Segarra and Fran Reiter are still feeling their way. Still, half of the mayor's outer circle of commissioners and senior aides are women and minorities.

Yet Giuliani's style leaves a lot to be



desired. He's prosecutorial: he often impugns the motives of colleagues in government who question his priorities. "It's intended to make them feel some pain for what they're doing," Giuliani told me. What they're doing, he thinks, is avoiding the tough decisions that face a mayor, who alone must reconcile fiscal and political pressures.

That doesn't explain why Giuliani snubbed Clinton in March by skipping his town meeting on crime at Brooklyn College. The mayor, who as a former U.S. associate attorney general qualifies as an expert on crime fighting, considers the president's crime bill a fraud. Still, Clinton was furious—"No other mayor in America has refused to see me," he told an associate—so Giuliani, blaming a miscommunication, rushed to meet Clinton at his hotel later that day. There, he says blithely, he impressed upon Clinton the importance of his own crime-fighting initiatives.

Yet Giuliani has been noticed in Washington for adopting a transpartisan pose. At a recent crime forum his pragmatic observations from the urban trenches were seconded more often by Democratic Senator Joseph Biden and Representative Craig Washington than by GOP Senator Phil Gramm. At a *Washington Times* editorial board meeting, Giuliani refused to pile on Whitewater or to endorse privatizing New York's public schools.

What does all this say about Giuliani's political core? "He's really more a Democratic Leadership Council type than a Republican," says Ron Silver. Former Bush White House aide James Pinkerton happily claims Giuliani as a "new paradigm" Republican. Historian Jim Chapin thinks Giuliani is a "progressive-conservative" in the tradition of Teddy Roosevelt, who was a New York City police commissioner before he was president. Giuliani's trust-busting record as a prosecutor, his crime fighting and his gunboat diplomacy with the public authorities make that comparison interesting.

Whether the nation's most raucous and ideologically divided city will claim him as a savior or a victim remains to be seen. Giuliani can't govern amid wrenching contractions without evoking a spirit of shared sacrifice rooted in the perception that he's distributing pain fairly. He hasn't accomplished that yet. Nor has he realized that, unlike a prosecutor's adversaries, who go away once he convicts them, a mayor's defeated opponents and ex-employees are still his constituents, haunting him at the polls, in the streets and on the welfare rolls. "I have to move quickly," he says, "because every day you wait the problems grow exponentially." Including the problems he is bringing on himself.

JIM SLEEPER

JIM SLEEPER is a political columnist for the *New York Daily News.*

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normally be paying $2,500 in taxes. But we're giving you tax credits which are worth $7,500, which you can't use. So you only use the first, um—oh, actually, let me—this is not helping you out, I don't think." He crumples up the sheet of paper and begins anew. "Now. If you are working, you'd end up having $9,000—um, $9,375. So by getting a job now, you know, you have—Aaaah! Somehow, I did this wrong. I did this wrong."

Fifteen minutes later, sweat pouring down his handsome face, Schundler barks: "O.K., here we go. Ya ready? Here's where we did this wrong. Ten thousand dollars' worth of taxable income at a 25 percent tax rate would mean the tax liability would be $2,500—" And he stops, looks at me. "This is actually very simple," he says. "The point I'm making is that 41 percent of my people want to work. They would like a plan like this. I get votes when I go out there and say these things."

Outside in the hallway, a flock of protesters is holding up signs denouncing the mayor. "My organization endorsed him," says Alim Abdul-Muhammed of Jersey City Brothers of Unity. "New face. New blood. Mayor of hope. Now, we see, he's strictly business. He's totally out of touch with poor people. I'm scared because people around the country may get the idea that this guy is actually doing something. Next they'll be asking him to run for president." Inside the City Council meeting a sampling of the citizenry is stepping up to the microphone, one by one, to denigrate the mayor. "We had a big storm last month," rages a man named Ed Connally. "The snow was five feet tall. And the guy was nowhere near the city. Our roads, our main thoroughfares, were not touched for four days. Hoboken was plowed curb to curb within twenty-four hours. Schundler should have been out there riding the plow! Where was he? He was in New Hampshire! Giving a speech on vouchers!" Abdul-Muhammed nods: "He insists on being tough on crime. He's incarcerating our youth, not employing our youth. All I ever asked him to do was not to forget the children."

Back in Room 232. Mayor Schundler comes bounding toward me. "I figured it out!" he says. "You can set up a matrix. In the left-hand column you put 25 percent of $25,000, which is $5,000. You deduct from that $700. You then get $2,750 as the voucher amount. So, in the left column of your matrix is the amount of income. The right column is the voucher. In the middle is the aggregate total. If I go to a group of unemployed people and I talk about these approaches they will say thank you." The phone rings. It is Mrs. Schundler, reminding her husband that the banquet in New York begins in twenty minutes and has he put on his tuxedo yet? Schundler hangs up the phone and actually begins unbuttoning his shirt. "You can play around with the rates," he says. "I did it at home. If you use a 33 percent tax rate . . . "

"Mayor Schundler," I say, "you can put on your tuxedo in your office, if you'd feel more comfortable." "Oh, gee," he says, blushing. "I figured the top couple of buttons wouldn't be a problem."

Mayor Schundler goes into his office, shuts the door and emerges five minutes later, wearing a tuxedo accented by a swirly pink-and-purple cummerbund and bow tie. I tell him he looks very nice. "Thanks," he says. "I got this stuff in Paris, when I was over there with the Manhattan Institute. I figured it would make me a little more exciting." Timmy Kaminsky, Schundler's plain-clothed security detail, ushers the two of us into the car. We stop to pick up Mrs. Schundler, and the four of us speed off to New York City. "Empowerment is effectively an enfranchisement with regard to different communally established entitlements," Schundler yells over the roar of honking horns. "Maybe we shouldn't do this through law. Maybe we should do this through a constitutional amendment. That's the essential difference between Paul Craig Roberts's view and my view. Charles Murray would not altogether oppose this." Why, I ask, didn't the mayor share these wise sentiments with the squalling crowds in City Hall? The Schundlers exchange a quick glance. "There are a lot of people in the world, you know," says the mayor. "That argument gets made every day in a thousand discussions around the country. And over time I would argue that . . . the fulcrum is moving in our direction. It's frustrating, but you can't be there to argue with everyone." "Otherwise," Mrs. Schundler pipes in, "that's all we'd be doing!" And she gives his hand a comforting squeeze. •

The obsessions of Jack Kemp.

NOTES ON KEMP

By Fred Barnes

The longer Ed Koch spoke, the madder Jack Kemp got. The occasion was the March 5 banquet following *National Review*'s "conservative summit," and Kemp was the featured speaker. Koch, the former New York mayor, was supposed to talk fifteen minutes as the warm-up. But he droned on for nearly an hour, prompting *National Review* Editor John O'Sullivan to peek warily at Kemp across the dais. "He was in some sort of a tizz, a passion," says O'Sullivan. "He was sitting down but he gave the impression of a man walking around."

As irritated as Kemp was at Koch's long-windedness—it was past 10 p.m. when Kemp finally got to speak—he was far more angry at Koch's message. Koch focused on two things: black crime and Louis Farrakhan. He faulted black leaders for "their failure to deal with black crime, the drug culture and the pathology of illegitimacy." Koch went on: "When I hear the words 'root causes,' I want to go to the nearest window, as Peter Finch did in *Network*, and yell, 'I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it anymore!' " Koch characterized Farrakhan, leader of the black Muslims, as an increasingly influen-

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WE AGREE MR. PRESIDENT

"The American people provide those of us in government service with terrific health care benefits at reasonable costs. We have health care that's always there. I think we need to give every hard-working, taxpaying American the same health care security they have already given to us."

The State of the Union, January 25, 1994

President Clinton was talking about the Federal Employees Health Benefits (FEHB) Program, which covers nearly 10 million federal employees, retirees and their dependents. The 34-year-old program allows them to choose among dozens of competing health-care plans, with different costs and benefits; works with a minimum of regulation; and because it relies on the principles of choice and competition, has successfully controlled costs.

But that is NOT what President Clinton has proposed. In fact, his legislation exempts federal employees until January 1998. That's right. HHS Secretary Donna Shalala, members of Congress, and most members of Hillary Rodham Clinton's health-reform task force would NOT be included in Mr. Clinton's government-run health plan until all other Americans try it out first.

With modification, an FEHB-type system could be created to cover all Americans. In fact, that is exactly what the Consumer Choice Health Plan proposed by The Heritage Foundation does.

NEW REPUBLIC columnist Michael Kinsley called the Heritage plan, ". . . the simplest, most promising, and in an important way, most progressive idea for health-care reform."

And ARKANSAS DEMOCRAT-GAZETTE Editorial Page Editor and syndicated columnist Paul Greenberg wrote, "If the President is interested in a plan that will provide universal coverage, allow Americans to take our health insurance with us wherever we go and not tie it to our jobs, give folks their choice of insurance plans from basic to deluxe, control costs through competition, and use vouchers to provide basic coverage for those too poor to pay premiums. . . all the President has to do is call (202) 546-4400. That's The Heritage Foundation."

Legislation based on the same principles—the Consumer Choice Health Security Act—is now before the House and Senate. Introduced by Sen. Don Nickles of Oklahoma and Rep. Cliff Stearns of Florida, the legislation (S. 1743; H.R. 3698) has 25 Senate and 24 House co-sponsors.

Before the "reformers" ruin everything that is right about health care in America, we need to ask them: Why reinvent the wheel? Why not let all Americans have the kind of personal freedom the President and Congress have— a consumer choice health plan.

For more information on Consumer Choice and a copy of the book "A National Health System for all Americans," by Dr. Stuart Butler, write The Heritage Foundation, Box D, 214 Massachusetts Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

The Heritage Foundation

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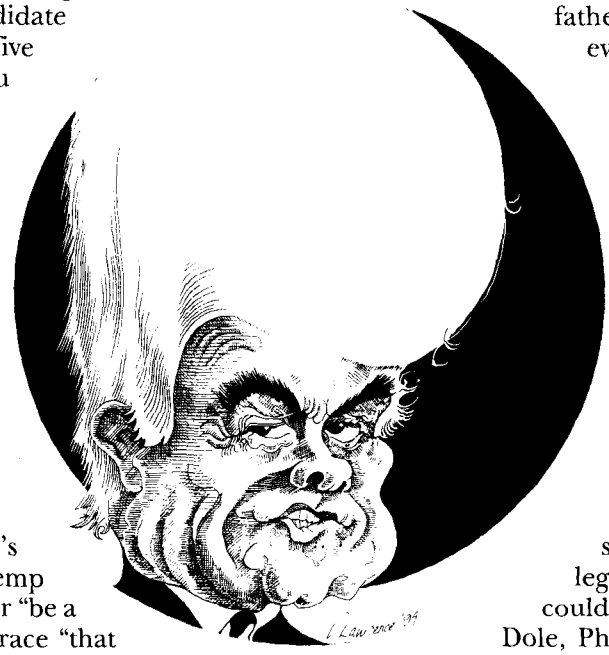
tial figure, like Hitler in the 1920s. He also blamed black leaders for legitimizing Farrakhan.

Kemp was out of his chair the moment Koch stopped, ignoring the standing ovation the former mayor's speech had triggered. At the podium he put his hand on the shoulder of Rob Long, the Hollywood scriptwriter who was emcee. "Our final speaker is actually already here," Long said, cutting short his introduction, "and he's staring us in the face." Kemp stepped to the microphone and announced he wouldn't give his prepared speech. He said he knew about "speaking the truth to authority," having heard Elie Wiesel beg President Ronald Reagan not to visit the S. S. cemetery at Bitburg and Mother Teresa preach against abortion to President Clinton. "I have neither the moral capital nor the intellectual capital to handle what I want to say," Kemp said, "but I must say it."

Before he did, Kemp introduced Joe Watkins, a young Senate candidate from Pennsylvania and one of five blacks in the audience. "Do you realize how tough it is to be a black conservative Republican?" Kemp asked. He said the underclass and crime and despair are burgeoning. "So is there a root cause to some of these problems? You bet.... I'm not talking about racism here, but there's racism. How do you explain a young black entrepreneur who can't get a loan? God, Koch, you've got me on fire. How else can we explain what's happened to this country?" Kemp declared conservatives will never "be a majority again" until they embrace "that stray, lonely and lost lamb who's been left out of our coalition." He concluded by insisting the audience at next year's conservative summit be one-third black and half Latino and Asian. The applause was not thunderous.



The emotional clash with Koch was not so much a defining moment for Kemp as a typical one. Kemp is committed to a cause to which most conservative Republicans only pay lip service: creating a majority coalition by attracting the poor and minorities, especially blacks. This isn't a new cause for Kemp, but these days he seems obsessed. When I had a casual conversation with him in March, it was all he talked about. There's a political problem with this message, though. It lacks appeal to the predominantly white and conservative GOP primary electorate Kemp must woo to become the party's nominee in 1996. Thus it drives Kemp's advisers and friends crazy. "It's not what conservatives want to hear," complains Ed Rollins. "There's too much of the old HUD stuff." (Kemp was secretary of housing and urban development from 1989 to 1993.) Kemp "had the message right" when he emphasized opportunity and tax cuts, says Republican Senator Trent Lott of Mississippi, a longtime Kemp pal. "Why is he changing that?" Kemp can't help himself, says former GOP representative Vin Weber of Minnesota, his closest friend in politics. His zeal for taking conservatism to the inner city "is central" to him. Like the valet who only sees his boss's flaws, Kemp's advisers miss the broader effect of his focus on race and poverty. It's what makes Kemp different, softening his conservatism and raising it to a higher moral plane. It is, paradoxically, why Kemp could surge past his Republican rivals.

For now, it's no surprise Kemp isn't the frontrunner for the nomination. (A *USA Today* poll in late March found him in fifth place behind Bob Dole, Colin Powell, Ross Perot and Dan Quayle.) And the stress on race and poverty isn't the only reason. Kemp has been largely invisible in the eighteen months since Bill Clinton won the presidency. Lott's father-in-law asked recently, "What ever happened to your friend Jack Kemp?" The mere question "speaks volumes," says Lott. Instead of organizing a national campaign, Kemp has concentrated on speeches to nonpolitical groups at $30,000 a crack, hailing the worldwide triumph of democracy, quoting Churchill and talking up the new millennium. He made more than $2 million in 1993, associates say, but the speeches got no press attention and kept him from serious political work. "[It] was a legislative year," Kemp explains. "I couldn't possibly compete with Bob Dole, Phil Gramm or Newt Gingrich. I used 1993 to raise money for my family, pay off debt and put myself in a position where I could be financially secure."

Kemp's brain trust (Weber, Lott, Rollins, California consultants Sal Russo and Steve Merksemer, aide Bill Dal Col, brother Tom Kemp, economist Larry Kudlow) met last August in Washington. Lott told Kemp he had lost ground and needed to give his allies private assurance he would run in 1996. Kemp bristled at the criticism and refused to make any promises. "I'm not sure Jack wants it anymore," Lott says. In any case, the inner circle hasn't met again. Meanwhile, Kemp broke with two of his closest friends, supply-side consultant Jude Wanniski and columnist Robert Novak. Wanniski, a Kemp confidant for nearly two decades, claimed that Weber, who runs his own consulting firm, had a conflict of interest in serving with Kemp as co-director of Empower America, a GOP think tank. Kemp disagreed, and he and Wanniski haven't spoken for fourteen months. Wanniski now advises Dole. Novak questioned Kemp aggressively on "Meet the Press" in March 1993, then wrote a column

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Talking a Good Game

Education Alternatives, Inc. (EAI), the private, for-profit outfit that has been managing some schools in Baltimore, is going around the country looking for new business. It's making the same promises that impressed the folks in Baltimore two years ago. Of course, it's too early to tell if EAI will succeed in turning around the Baltimore schools it manages, but what about a tentative grade on what the company has done so far? EAI talks a very good game. Do the facts support its claims?

EAI came to Baltimore embracing Baltimore's goal that students would start doing better—right away: "Beginning immediately, each year should reveal an improvement in the quality of instruction, resulting in a measurable increase in student achievement." EAI also said these changes wouldn't cost Baltimore a penny more per pupil: The company would take only the average per-pupil allowance given to other schools. And it would economize on noninstructional services, which would allow it to channel extra dollars into EAI classrooms at the same time as it made a profit for its stockholders. This sounded very impressive. The reality is quite different.

EAI seems to feel no embarrassment about promising one thing and doing another—or claiming great results where none exist.

As an AFT research report based primarily on the Baltimore school district's own data shows, students in EAI elementary schools didn't begin to do better "immediately." Instead, their test scores went down. Whereas youngsters in non-EAI schools registered modest gains in reading and math during 1992-93 and kids in schools selected by the Baltimore school district as a control group went up 5 percentiles in reading and math, scores in EAI elementary schools declined considerably—4 percentiles in reading and 8 percentiles in math. And these were schools where scores had risen the year before EAI arrived.

It's rare for scores to go up in the early days of an experiment, but it's also rare for them to plummet. The Baltimore school district replies that these are old scores, but they are the most recent and only ones it has released. If the district has better evidence, why not produce it?

EAI's financial claims don't look any more credible than its academic claims. Contrary to its promises, the company didn't work within the average per-pupil expenditure—$5,582 in 1991-92. Instead, EAI schools received as much as $500 more per pupil. And the company also stands to get a $2 million windfall this year and in subsequent years because the city has agreed to give EAI a special deal on central support services purchased from the school district.

As for economizing on noninstructional services so that more money could be "redirect[ed] back into the classrooms to fund education for the children of Baltimore," EAI has done the opposite. A 1992-93 audit shows that it made substantial cuts in the money spent in the classroom. The Baltimore school budget allocated 65 percent to salaries and benefits for instructional personnel. But EAI cut the teaching staff at its schools by one-quarter and replaced paraprofessionals with $7-an-hour "interns" who get no benefits. It spent only 48 percent of its allocation on instructional services and plowed the savings back into noninstructional expenses like lawyers, accountants, project administration, corporate travel and improvement of the physical plant.

Have these economies in classroom spending improved education for the kids? Hardly, as the drop in test scores shows. Also, classes are much more crowded than they were before EAI came in. And since half the positions that were cut were special education teachers, a lot of children with disabilities have been dumped into regular classrooms with teachers and interns who have no training or support to help these kids.

The interns? They've mostly been a disaster. EAI had a tough time finding college graduates who would work for $7 an hour, with no benefits—never mind ones who were qualified—and the turnover was high among people who did take the jobs. As a result, some classes had no intern or a succession of interns. And youngsters who needed the continuity that had been provided by the paraprofessionals, by and large women from the community, got another dose of instability.

Perhaps it is premature to pronounce the EAI experiment in Baltimore a success or a failure. The company has come through on its promises to clean up the physical plant. On the other hand, though EAI said it would raise attendance—and claims that it has, "dramatically"—attendance in EAI schools remains flat. And when it comes to financial matters or student achievement, EAI seems to feel no embarrassment about promising one thing and doing another—or claiming great results where none exist. The best advice for other school districts that are looking into EAI's services is *caveat emptor*.

For a copy of the AFT research report, "The Private Management of Public Schools: An Analysis of the EAI Experience in Baltimore," send a self-addressed, 9x12-inch envelope, with $1.21 postage, to Research, AFT, 555 New Jersey Ave., N.W., Wash., D.C. 20001.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1994 by Albert Shanker.

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saying Kemp had "rejected positions dear to a conservative movement that had enshrined him as the lineal successor to Barry Goldwater and Ronald Reagan." Kemp was furious. He and Novak are still friends, says Kemp, "but I don't want to be Bob Novak's candidate."

Kemp's base of operations, Empower America, hasn't been a smashing success either. After eighteen years in Congress and four in the Bush Cabinet, Kemp needed a political home. He's a fellow at the Heritage Foundation and the Hoover Institution, but his office and his aides are at Empower America. When he, Weber, William Bennett and Jeane Kirkpatrick set up the think tank a week before Clinton's inauguration, Kemp said it would be a "shadow government." But, despite lavish funding by financier Ted Forstmann and a platoon of speechwriters and policy wonks, it hasn't cast much of a shadow.

Empower America's strongest foray into public policy, a pitch on April 13 for "a bold, principled and fundamentally different alternative" to the House GOP welfare reform bill, fell flat. The news was that Kemp called for "termination of direct cash benefits to young women who bear children out of wedlock." But he just barely agreed to that (Kirkpatrick declined to sign on) and then was apologetic for doing so. The Empower America plan initially called for cutting off rent supplements and food stamps as well, but Kemp nixed those. During hours of debate, Weber says, Kemp kept asking, "What will happen to the poor people when they're cut off?" Later, Kemp said he endorsed the cutoff of "direct benefits" only when coupled with other reforms, such as an exemption from federal taxes for anyone making up to 175 percent of the poverty level. House Republicans were incensed. They said most of Empower America's suggestions are already in their bill. The tax exemption isn't, but it costs $75 billion.

Kemp fared worse still with the religious conservatives. Last September he addressed a meeting of Pat Robertson's Christian Coalition in Washington. Kemp had a prepared text on social and religious themes, but he jettisoned it after hearing that Pat Buchanan, who preceded him as a speaker, had denounced NAFTA. Free trade, like poverty, is a Kemp obsession. So he made the pact the sole subject of his speech. "It was like talking about school prayer at a Chamber of Commerce dinner," says Ralph Reed, the Christian Coalition director. In a survey attendees listed Kemp as second only to Democratic National Committee Chairman David Wilhelm as their least favorite speaker. Later, Kemp called Reed and said he "blew it."

For all this, Kemp is hardly a dead duck in 1996. His biggest problem is he's spent too little time on electoral politics. That's changing. He appeared at only forty political events in 1993, his year in exile. He'll speak at 150 or more this year, giving him national visibility again. It should also appease the Republican base's fear that he's drifted to the left. The idea that Kemp has become a liberal is absurd. Yes, his fervent talk of race and poverty crowds out, as Weber puts it, "other conservative messages." And his support for Head Start, the earned-income tax credit and a ban on assault weapons, along with opposition to term limits and a balanced budget amendment, alarms right-wingers. But Kemp's speeches still have raw meat. He denounces Clinton's health care plan as nationalization of 14 percent of the economy, favors repeal of last year's tax hikes and, unlike other Republicans, attacks Clinton's threat to impose trade sanctions on Japan. Clinton, Kemp says, is "the most anti-capitalistic president this nation has had this century." Oh, yes, Kemp is pro-life.

On the surface the Kemp package—unswerving economic conservatism and passionate poverty fighting—seems contradictory. It's not. It's merely unconventional. After all, he wants more black entrepreneurs in the inner city, not more social workers. What he learned in four years at HUD, Kemp says, is that the poor crave ownership. "Stand in the middle of Cabrini Green [housing project] in Chicago and say everyone should own their own property, and you get two-thirds of the people with you." Perhaps more subtly, Kemp has been influenced by Bennett, his Empower America ally, and Charles Colson, the ex-Watergate defendant who runs Prison Fellowship, a Christian group. As recently as a year ago Kemp and Bennett had differing diagnoses of America's problems, Kemp fingering economic disincentives, Bennett blaming cultural breakdown. Now Kemp has moved. "I've read the critics of Jack Kemp, that he is somehow obsessed with economics," Kemp told the National Religious Broadcasters convention last February. "So I will say this plainly and unambiguously. I am an optimist about the power, promise and performance of free markets, free people and free nations.... But the fundamental reason I am an optimist about all these noble things is because of the moral and spiritual values that make them possible." Ironically, on welfare reform, the Kemp and Bennett roles are reversed. Bennett pushed Empower America to call for a welfare cutoff as an incentive to work and a remedy for inner-city pathologies. It was Kemp who balked.

Prodded by Bennett and Colson, Kemp has begun to broaden his message, attempting to join the two strands of conservatism—freedom and virtue—something he resisted in his 1988 presidential bid. Colson recommended a brainy speechwriter, Michael Gerson, 29, to work on this, and Kemp hired him. Kemp tossed away Gerson's first effort, the Christian Coalition speech. But he gave three others, the best at Michigan's Hillsdale College in February. Kemp argued that conservatives don't have to "make a Hobson's choice between a message of economic growth and a message of cultural renewal.... Economic prosperity will help solve many of our serious moral problems, but I've never argued it is sufficient."

Kemp has resisted pressure, strong inside the GOP, to impose more mandatory sentences and build more prisons. Prisons are "a scarce commodity [best] reserved for the dangerous," Kemp told the Chicago Crime Commission last October. Nonviolent criminals, now more than half the prison population, should be punished, "but

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not with barbed wire and wasted hours." This kind of talk only reinforces the Washington wisdom that Kemp has lost his way ideologically, that he's too undisciplined to wage an effective presidential campaign, that his confidence is still shattered from losing in 1988. Oddly, Kemp's own aides add to this impression, circulating stories of their frustrations with him. He's hardly a perfect boss. He takes advice poorly. On the road he's a prima donna, requiring Cadillac limousines and private jets. And his relationship with his close associates is prickly. He and Bennett compete for national attention. Weber, for his part, says he won't run the Kemp presidential campaign in 1996—if there is one.

In Kemp's case the conventional wisdom is wrong. I think he's finding his way. He's never been popular with political elites. Neither was Reagan. Kemp's appeal is to GOP activists outside the Beltway, particularly younger ones. They give him a base to build on. His message mix will have to change; he can't yap exclusively about race and poverty. A blend of hard (tax cuts, nationalistic foreign policy) and soft (tackling poverty, racial reconciliation) will work just fine. Conservatives who like the hard will recognize the appeal of the soft in a general election. Kemp bombed at the Christian Coalition, but he still has the best chance of any of the candidates of winning the huge bloc of religious conservatives (his wife Joanne is on Colson's board, his son Jeff is head of the evangelical Family Research Council in Washington state). Alone among Republicans, he has the ability to turn an agenda into a high-toned cause. Bringing capitalism to the ghetto, he says, fulfills the party's obligation to bridge the gap between races and make the nation "whole again." Emphasizing this makes Kemp different from the pack of candidates. And who but Kemp could run credibly with a black man, Colin Powell, as his running mate? •

Ralph Ellison's long ride.

THE OKLAHOMA KID

By Stanley Crouch

When Ralph Ellison saddled up the pony of death and took that long, lonesome ride into eternity on Saturday morning, April 16, the quality of American civilization was markedly diminished. He had always traveled on a ridge above the most petty definitions of race and had given us a much richer image of ourselves as Americans, no matter how we arrived here, what we looked like or how we were made. Alone of the internationally famous Negro writers of the last half-century, Ellison had maintained his position as a citizen of this nation. His deservedly celebrated 1952 novel, *Invisible Man*, his two collections of essays—*Shadow and Act* and *Going to the Territory*—the public addresses he gave and what he read and published from the most-awaited second novel in this country's literary history spoke always of the styles, the intrigues, the ideas, the lamentations and the desires that bewitchingly reached across race, religion, class and sex to make us all Americans. This champion of democratic narrative wasn't taken in by any of the professional distortions of identity that have now produced not the astonishing orchestra of individuals our country always promises, but a new Babel of opportunism and naïveté, one we will inevitably defeat with a vital, homemade counterpoint.

Ellison had been trained as a musician, intending to become a concert composer. But the books got him and he boldly took on the job of ordering the dissonance and the consonance of our culture into the orchestrated onomatopoeia that is the possibility of the novel at its highest level of success. At every point, he was definitely the Oklahoma Kid—part Negro, part white, part Indian and full of the international lore a man of his ambition had to know. I sometimes thought of him as riding tall into the expanses of the American experience, able to drink the tart water of the cactus, smooth his way through the Indian nations, gamble all night long, lie before the fire with a book, distinguish the calls of the birds and the animals from the signals of the enemy, gallop wild and woolly into the big city with a new swing the way the Count Basie band had, then bring order to the pages of his work with an electrified magic pen that was both a warrior's lance and a conductor's wand.

In our time, there is a burden to straight shooting, and Ellison accepted it. Those troubles snake all the way back to the '30s, when the Marxist influence began to reduce the intricacies of American problems to a set of stock accusations and dull but romantic ideas about dictatorial paradises rising from the will of the workers. Because Ellison had come through all of that and, like Richard Wright, had rejected it, he was

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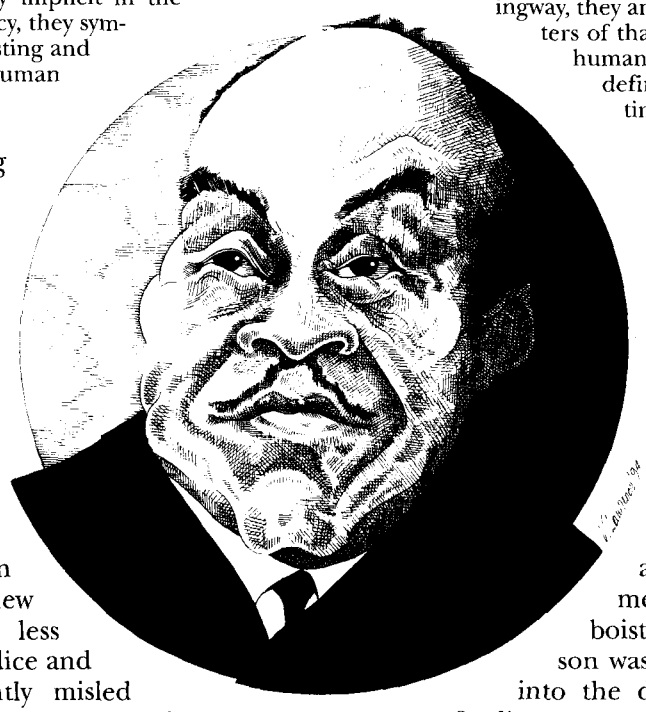
prepared for the political bedlam of the '60s. He refused to forgo his vision of democracy as an expression of high-minded but realistic courage, one that demanded faith and vigilant engagement. His tutoring by blues musicians and the world of blues music had given him a philosophical ease in face of the perpetual dilemmas of human existence. What he wrote of Afro-Americans at their best expressed his own sensibility as surely as the tar of that deceptively silent baby stuck to Br'er Rabbit:

> There is no point in complaining over the past or apologizing for one's fate. But for blacks, there are no hiding places down here, neither in country or city. They are an American people who are geared to what is and who yet are driven by a sense of what it *is* possible for human life to be in this society. The nation could not survive being deprived of their presence because, by the irony implicit in the dynamics of American democracy, they symbolize both its most stringent testing and the possibility of its greatest human freedom.



The most stringent testing that Ellison himself had to face was the rejection of his stance and his work by the intellectual zip coons of black nationalism. The Oklahoma Kid took every emotional and psychological blow thrown at him; he didn't submit to the barbarian gate-rattlers who intimidated so many into accepting a new segregation as a form of self-expression and ethnic authenticity. He knew that segregation was never less than an instrument of cowardice and rejected it. Those sufficiently misled tried to drum Ellison all the way out of the Afro-American experience and were not beyond calling him names to his face. They didn't know they were messing with the wrong man. The writer had the same kind of leathery hide possessed by those dusky Western demons who broke horses, drove cattle and wore the scars left by arrowheads and desperado bullets. Fanny Ellison, his wife of forty-eight years, recalled a luncheon where the embattled novelist sat next to one of the black power literary stooges so anxious to bring him down. Ellison said to him, "I'm a street boy; I'm mean, and I have a dirty mouth." It was an announcement of his essence and a declaration of war.

Ellison wasn't a street boy like the ones who sell pornographic novelties under the banner of rap, their nihilism made superficially complex by the editing and overlaying processes of the recording studio. He was from the same spiritual corner as Louis Armstrong, who knew of cutting and shooting but had danced in the gutter while doggedly staring at the stars. He was also of Duke Ellington's persuasion, an artist bent on the democratic eloquence that speaks most indelibly through the tragicomic resolution of the primitive and the sophisticated. Citing the peerless bandleading composer and the great trumpeter in "Homage to Duke Ellington on His Birthday," Ellison clarified once more his aesthetic vision of how artistic quality both added to the social promise of the nation and helped protect it against vernacular demons:

> Even though few recognized it, such artists as Ellington and Louis Armstrong were the stewards of our vaunted American optimism and guardians against the creeping irrationality which ever plagues our form of society. They created great entertainment, but for them (ironically) and for us (unconsciously) their music was a rejection of that chaos and license which characterized the so-called jazz age associated with F. Scott Fitzgerald, and which has returned once more to haunt the nation. Place Ellington with Hemingway, they are both larger than life, both masters of that which is most enduring in the human enterprise: the power of man to define himself against the ravages of time through artistic style.

Sneering at the tedious political pulp that would shrink Negro experience to no more than a social soap opera, the Oklahoma Kid, cigar in his teeth and fingers at his keyboard, strove to make his knowledge of race in conflict and confluence a wildly orchestrated metaphor for all of human life. He sought combinations of the concrete and the mythic, the excitement of intricate ideas and the boisterous flare-ups of fantasy. Ellison was too sophisticated to stumble into the dungeon of "magic realism," feeding on surreal hardtack and water. Like the Alejo Carpentier of *Reasons of State*, Ellison knew that the fusions and frissons of race and culture in the Western Hemisphere supply all that is needed for an unforced way out of convention. The miscegenated multiplications of human meaning and effort allow shocking syncopations of fictional narrative and endless variations on hilarity, horror and inspiration.

The Oklahoma Kid told one writer that craft was an aspect of morality and that is perhaps why his unfinished novel took so long, even given the incineration of a manuscript near completion in the middle '60s. His ambition might have gotten the best of him. Ellison refused to say when he thought he would finish the book. This led some to assert that he was some sort of a coward who couldn't face the possibility that the novel might not be up to snuff, that critics with sharpened teeth might gnaw at it like wild dogs, that a second novel might prove the first no more than a fluke. Those who heard him read from the manuscript during the early and middle '80s doubted the skeptics.

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What Saul Bellow wrote of *Invisible Man* in 1952 was still quite true:

> I was keenly aware, as I read this book, of a very significant kind of independence in writing. For there is a "way" for Negro novelists to go at their problems, just as there are Jewish or Italian "ways." Mr. Ellison has not adopted a minority tone. If he had done so, he would have failed to establish a true middle-of-consciousness for everyone.

At Baruch College in 1983 he delivered a lecture titled "On Becoming a Writer," stressing the freedom from the limitations of segregation that reading granted. Around 1924 books from the downtown library were jammed into a pool hall in the Negro section of Oklahoma City. As older men told tales, laughed and gambled, the young Ellison investigated the unalphabetized books, which meant that a volume of fairy tales might be right next to a volume of Freud. While the books took him into worlds much broader than those he then knew, they also made it possible for him to better appreciate the contrasting humanity of a state in which a large number of whites and Negroes had facial features and skin tones affected to greater or lesser degrees by Indian blood. Ellison's Oklahoma City was informed as much by those formally educated as by jazz musicians like Lester Young and Charlie Christian, who took innovative positions in the band battles and jam sessions of the era. Local aspirations were extended by the precedents of college-educated Negroes from the Eastern Seaboard who took on the missionary goal of traveling and educating their less fortunate brethren after the smoke of the Civil War cleared and the spiritual lion of freedom was roaring at the social limitations imposed by racism. The message of the lecture was that the shaping of language and the comprehension of it amplified that roar in the soul of the young Oklahoma Kid, allowing him to do battle with the riddles of human life and affirm the victories evident in the verve of Negro culture.

In later readings given at the Library of Congress, The New School and the Sixty-Third Street YMCA in Manhattan, Ellison made it clear who he was. Whether or not the novel ever reached publication, each time he gave public voice to his words, those writers in attendance had an opportunity to witness just how big a lariat the old master was twirling. With *Invisible Man*, he brought the resonance of genius to his variations on the Southern themes of racial misunderstandings and the disillusionment with Northern radicalism found in the full text of Richard Wright's *American Hunger*. The later work made it clear that he had advanced upon his initial ambitions and raised what was already a richly ironic style to a level of Melvillian complexity.

Taken by his readings, this writer looked up everything Ellison had published from the work-in-progress, some of it dating back to 1960. One of the themes was corruption and its charisma. A prominent character was a Southern senator named Sunraider. His tale was perfectly Ellisonian. A very light-skinned Negro or a white child who somehow found himself part of a traveling revival unit of Negroes, Sunraider, then known as Bliss, was "brought back from the dead" before various tent congregations. Leaving his background and misusing the lessons of his mentor, the Negro preacher Hickman, Bliss went into politics, changed his name and became famous for the public speaking he had learned at the knees of black people.

In "Hickman Arrives," the wounded Sunraider lies in the hospital after an assassination attempt, dreaming about his past, recalling himself nervously sucking air through a rubber tube inside a coffin as Hickman whipped up the congregation in the tent. But caught by the spirit, Hickman goes on longer than usual. Bliss is awestruck by the spontaneous eloquence as he trembles inside the wooden cigar. Chaos takes over the counterfeit Lazarus routine when a white woman claiming to be Bliss's mother bursts into the act. The hypnotic corruption at the center of the revival meeting, the fooling people for their own good and to prove the greatness of God, is a tool Bliss uses quite differently when he becomes a pro-segregation senator. Nothing is ever simple in Ellison, nor is his vision naive. In essence, Ellison was saying that Negroes, because of their charismatic relationship to American culture, have the moral responsibility to use their gifts with as much integrity as possible. Otherwise, they might unintentionally contribute to the disorder that always pushes at our culture's borders.

If the novel ever appears, good; if it doesn't, Ellison's contribution to the higher possibilities of our society won't be diminished. He outlasted two generations of attackers, the white and black writers and critics who hated *Invisible Man* and those from the black power era who found him too "white," too "European," too "middle-class." With each passing year his already published rendition of American life grew stronger and his work spoke ever more accurately of what came to pass—the fluid shifts of social position, the tragedies of corruption, the unpredictable turns that pivot on our technology and on how we interpret our heritage as improvising Americans, people whose roots stretch into Africa, Europe, Asia and both directions in this hemisphere; people who remake sometimes perfectly and sometimes too swiftly; people who will never realize their potential unless we take on the challenge of democratic recognition, of understanding that both good and evil, folly and corruption, excellence and mediocrity can come from any place in the society. Ralph Ellison, the Oklahoma Kid, knew that we can never count on closed theories, on limiting explanations of our history—or any history. The only thing we can count on is the chaos that ever threatens our humanity and the willingness the best of us have to stand up to it. When we get lucky, as we Americans have so often, people like Ralph Ellison rear the hooves of their horses up toward the sky, then charge, taking every risk necessary to sustain the vitality of our civilization. •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Love Life

We're lucky that Eric Rohmer is French. His cultural lineage—Marivaux and Laclos and Musset are some of his ancestors—enables him to anatomize the fluctuations of love with the gravity of a physicist splitting molecules. Rohmer has made one emotionally large-scale film, *The Marquise of O.*, but in the usual Rohmer scale, a touch of a girl's knee (*Claire's Knee*) or a long man-woman philosophical discussion (*My Night with Maud*) is climactic. No filmmaker is easier to satirize, but none so easily survives satire: for, besides his sheer cinematic wizardry, his insistence on magnifying fibrillations persuades us that the motto is right—God *is* in the details. Rohmer's films (almost) always hold us in themselves, but even if interest in the dialogue flags slightly, his fierce sincerity cows us.

His latest, **A Tale of Winter** (MK2), is the second in a new series called *Tales of the Four Seasons*. (He likes to present his films in series, though the linkage is not always clear.) To sketch the story is to show yet again that he is more concerned with emotional analysis than emotional storm. Félicié and Charles have a passionate affair at a beach one summer. They part, intending to remeet, but she accidentally gives him the wrong address. Five years later, in Paris, she has a small daughter, fruit of the affair, lives with a librarian named Loïc, works in a beauty salon, moves to Nevers with her boss, Maxence, when he opens a salon there, stays only a short time and returns to Paris where Loïc wants her again. She can't decide: the memory of Charles, the one man she loved completely, still haunts all her amorous decisions.

At this point we are torn. Like normal human beings, we want her to find Charles and be happy; but like seasoned filmgoers, we are wary of a contrived happy ending. Rohmer, with typical courage, comforts our schism—both parts.

Most of the film takes place between Christmas and New Year's and focuses, with traditional Gallic calibration, on Félicié's dilemmas of choice—Maxence or Loïc or no one, all under the specter of Charles. Rohmer makes us care because he makes us see that life doesn't consist of dramatic peaks but of dramatic continuum, day by day, almost hour by hour. To him, everyone's life is a pilgrim's progress, and all that is needed to make it interesting is perception.

Religion flutters along the edge of Félicié's problems: she gets some sort of clarification when she takes her daughter to see a Christmas crèche in a cathedral (and Loïc doesn't miss the chance to restate an old Rohmer theme, Pascal's wager). However, the resolution is not divine but Shakespearian. Toward the end Loïc takes Félicié to see a performance of *The Winter's Tale*, and the "miracle" in the close of that play prefigures the "miracle" in Félicié's life. (Rohmer says that a chance viewing of the play on T.V. started his thinking about this film.)

Rohmer has learned a lot from his cinematic forebear, Robert Bresson—in no way more than in his dealings with actors. As did Bresson, he spends much time with his principal people before he begins work, in order to learn about them (he rarely uses the same actors twice), and he encourages both their suggestions and improvisations. This approach—"anti-theater," let's call it—has limitations, and he knows it. In *The Marquise of O.*, he used first-rank theater actors and let them rip. But here, especially with the Shakespeare scene as contrast, he makes the conversational charismatic. He creates a tacitly persistent reality that makes us feel as if we could walk around behind the actors and never get "backstage." Charlotte Véry (Félicié), Frédéric Van Den Driessche (Charles), Loïc (Hervé Furic) and Maxence (Michel Voletti) are all paradoxical. We don't know beforehand what we expect of them: we find out, as they supply it.

A visual note. Almost all of Rohmer's films have been pictorially intricate. The very textiles on furniture have been part of the scheme. Here Rohmer has paid less attention than usual to light and texture. Nothing is crude: nothing is visually remarkable. The cinematographer, Luc Pagès, presumably did what the director asked of him. Apparently, this time Rohmer wanted his film to look as daringly "daily" as his subject.

In the *Concise Norton Grove* music encyclopedia, between Franck's *Les Béatitudes* and Bellini's *Beatrice di Tenda* stand the

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Beatles. No question that they are lodged in music history. But they are also lodged in film history, less through their music than through their personae—in *A Hard Day's Night, Help!* and more.

Re-enactment of their lives on screen and T.V. has already begun. The latest addition is **Backbeat** (Gramercy), which takes the Beatles from their Liverpool beginnings through their Hamburg debut and a bit onward. However, the center of the story is not Beatledom as such, but the painful friendship of John Lennon and Stuart Sutcliffe.

Sutcliffe was a painter who also played bass guitar and who gave up painting to play with the group. He dropped out before very long—over Lennon's fiery objections—both because he thought he wasn't quite up to the Beatles' mark and because in Hamburg he had fallen in love with a German photographer, Astrid Kirchherr. He knew, as Lennon emphasized, that he was giving up certain world fame, but he stayed with Kirchherr. He resumed painting—with success—for a time. He had had brain trouble and, before very long, he died of a brain seizure.

Iain Softley, an English writer-director of music videos and T.V., makes his feature debut with *Backbeat,* impressively. The whole film is nicely judged throughout, in pace, freshness of vision, atmosphere. The music—as far as I'm able to judge—is handled authentically. The trouble (and it's an interesting contrast to Rohmer) is that large-scale drama is constantly boded and never really arrives. Sad though the facts are, the whole is not much more than a poignant appendix to the Beatles' history.

But besides Softley's lively directing, the three chief actors make their marks. Stephen Dorff and Ian Hart, both English, are suitably volcanic as Sutcliffe and Lennon. As Kirchherr, Sheryl Lee, an American, is soft and strong and endearing. •

The distortions of *In the Name of the Father.*

Patriot Games

By Conor Cruise O'Brien

In the Name of the Father, Jim Sheridan's film based on the book *Proved Innocent* by Gerry Conlon, did not win its Oscar, despite its technical brilliance and its bravura performance by Daniel Day-Lewis. But what follows is anyway not a review of the film. I am concerned, rather, with its political impact. For many Americans, this film will represent most of what they think they know about Northern Ireland. What they are taking away from the film is a plausible but distorted picture; and the distortion is consistently helpful to the IRA.

The makers of the film deny that it casts the IRA in a favorable light. They (and most of the reviewers) agree that the film shows the British legal establishment in an exceedingly unfavorable light, but this, they point out, is inevitable, given the nature of the tale: the framing of innocent people by British police, upheld by the British legal system, over many years. In 1974 British police arrested four people, including Gerry Conlon and his father Giuseppe, and charged them with planting a bomb in a Guildford pub that had killed five people and wounded sixty-four. They were convicted. The convictions were overturned after appeals, by which time those convicted had been in jail for fifteen years. Thus the film's point about the British legal establishment is altogether valid, but it does not exhaust the film's political impact.

The makers of the film acknowledge that it is based only partly on Conlon's written account, on the trial records and on other historical materials. They acknowledge, that is, that fictional elements have been added. I shall come to the fictional bits later. Let us first consider the historical material of the film. This material is both authentic and misleading, which is a dangerous combination. It is authentic in that it tells a mainly true story of the sufferings of a Northern Irish Catholic family at the hands of the British legal system. The portrayal of the suppression by British troops of a riot in a Catholic area is also authentic and so is the dialogue among Belfast Catholics. And yet all this authentic material cannot stand as an acceptable picture of life in Northern Ireland today, under British rule.

Most of the inhabitants of Northern Ireland are Protestants, but there are no Ulster Protestants in *In the Name of the Father.* Artistically, this is defensible. Catholics and Protestants in Northern Ireland live largely separated lives, and the Conlons and their friends and relatives are Catholics. Who is to say that a film should not be made about Catholics? And yet the confinement of the narrative to the Catholic population misleads the viewer, because the Protestant population, determined to remain in the United Kingdom and not to be incorporated as a minority in a mainly-Catholic united Ireland, is one of the two main reasons why British troops are there.

The other reason that the British troops are there is that the IRA has been trying, for more than twenty years now, to force Northern Ireland out of the United Kingdom, against the will of a large majority of its inhabitants. This is the general political background to the specific events narrated in *In the Name of the Father.* The film contains, however, no hint of its own background. Those who are not aware of the complicated political realities in Northern Ireland will see only a Northern Ireland occupied against the will of its inhabitants. And from such a simplification the inference is clear that the withdrawal of the British is the solution to "the problem of Northern Ireland." In fact, British withdrawal from Northern Ireland would be followed by inter-ethnic Bosnia-like hostilities. The British are now sitting most uncomfortably, and not very competently, on the lid. Should they depart, the civil war would boil over.

No viewer of *In the Name of the Father* would get even a whiff of these dire possibilities. And this political distortion is all the more dangerous in America, where the public is already conditioned to accept it. Most American discussions of Northern Ireland concentrate on the Catholics and ignore the Protestants. This is true even in newspapers such as *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post.* Irish-American pro-IRA propaganda presents the struggle as a simple one, morally and politically, between the British and the Irish (meaning the Irish Catholics). The Protestants do not come in at all, or they come in as dupes, accomplices or even slaves to the British. I remember hearing Paul O'Dwyer, a distinguished political figure in New York, holding forth on the radio about how all the troubles of Northern

Conor Cruise O'Brien is the author most recently of *The Great Melody* (University of Chicago Press).

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Ireland are owed to "British imperialism." The interviewer rightly asked O'Dwyer about the Protestants of Northern Ireland. He said that they were "fine people who would make a splendid contribution to a United Ireland." The interviewer asked, "Why don't they make it then?" O'Dwyer replied, "The British won't let them." O'Dwyer knew that such a statement is a complete travesty of the truth; but such exaggerations have never worried nationalist propagandists, in Ireland or former Yugoslavia or anywhere else.

By the intensity of its exclusive focus on Catholics, *In the Name of the Father* tends to validate the explanation from British imperialism, and with great emotional force. The popularity of the film thus increases the already significant pressure, originating in this country and in other parts of the English-speaking world, at several different levels and in several different ways, to bring about British disengagement from Northern Ireland. It is a powerful paradox that the sympathies that American audiences naturally feel toward the sufferings of the Conlons and their associates, as they see them in Sheridan's film, should be enlisted on the side of a policy that would result in even more terrible sufferings for hundreds of thousands of people, both Catholics and Protestants, in Northern Ireland. And the Catholics of Belfast, moreover, are most likely the main victims of a British withdrawal.

Aesthetic considerations, and a limited basis in reality, may extenuate somewhat the film's sins of omission. But they cannot extenuate its great sin of commission. Sheridan and his associates have introduced into the story of Conlon a pure fiction, and this fiction makes the film more acceptable, and more useful, to the IRA than the plain truth.

The fiction takes the form of a character called Joe McAndrew. McAndrew (who is played by Dom Baker) is cast as an IRA man, and presented as a fellow prisoner of the Conlons. McAndrew never existed, but he is supposed to be the actual perpetrator of the bombing for which the Conlons and other innocent people were punished. This nonexistent McAndrew, moreover, even confesses to the British that it was he who blew up the pub. It is at this point that *In the Name of the Father* takes an ugly and tendentious turn. This fictional transaction makes the British legal system look deliberately wicked to a much greater extent than the historical record, bad though it is, would suggest. The fiction, unlike the record, gives the British no benefit of any doubt. They know, out of the mouth of McAndrew, that the Conlons and their associates are innocent, but they keep them in prison anyway, apparently just to save face.

The character of McAndrew not only boosts the case against the Brits, it also makes the IRA look better than it is. On the record the IRA repeatedly told investigators that they knew who the real perpetrators were, and that they were not the Conlons and their associates. But the IRA did not divulge the names of the real perpetrators, nor did the real perpetrators give themselves up. For innocent people to be unjustly kept in prison by the British suited the IRA's propaganda purposes nicely. And it continues to serve those purposes through this film, long after the unfairly imprisoned have been acquitted and released.

As a fictional creation, and as an instrument of propaganda, McAndrew is interesting. He is hardly a saint, but he is shown, in many ways, as an admirable character. In prison, where others (including Conlon) are demoralized, he is dignified, confident, self-respecting, self-controlled, impressive in appearance and demeanor. He is in no way broken, or even abashed, by the prison system. Instead he defies it spectacularly, and so he wins the admiration of the

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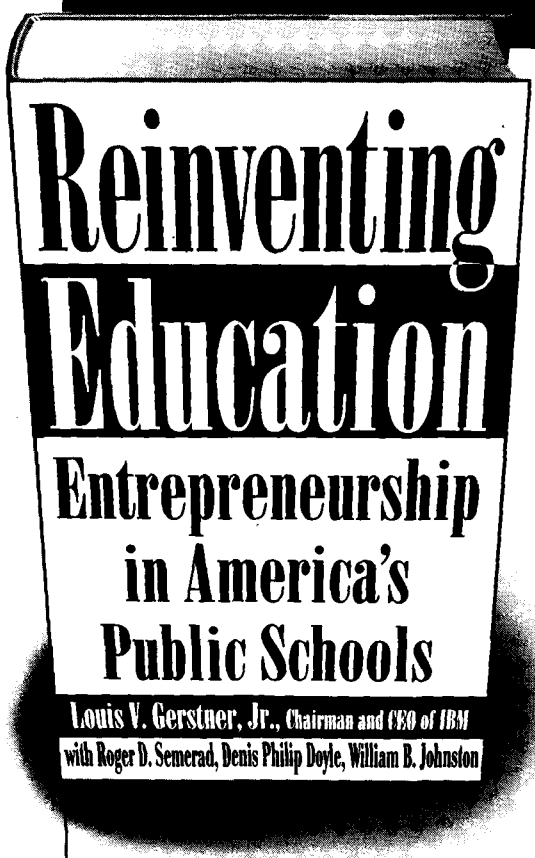
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other prisoners and the respect of the wardens. Also, by the fear that he inspires, McAndrew wins better treatment for the other Irish prisoners. This point is important, from a propaganda point of view, because it provides fictional corroboration of a favorite IRA argument: that violence is the only way of inducing the British to treat Irish people with respect.

McAndrew's ferocity is not exactly extenuated by the film, but it becomes a dramatic point in his favor. He is seen as fighting a war against an evil system. In this way the bombing itself, which McAndrew admits having perpetrated, becomes implicitly meritorious. Reflected in McAndrew, the war of the IRA begins to look like a just war. By the time McAndrew deliberately sets fire to a warden (another invention), the film has so effectively whipped up a horror of the British and their legal system that some in the audiences may even applaud.

All the reviews I have seen miss the point of McAndrew, if they mention him at all. The reviewers who do mention him see his appearance as making an anti-IRA point, and so it does to squeamish liberals, a category into which critics for up-market publications have a tendency to fall. The reviewers are repelled by the ruthlessness of the character, as exemplified by his burning of the warden. But IRA sympathizers will not be put off by this. They will see McAndrew as a heroic figure.

The makers of the film represent Conlon as repelled by McAndrews's brutality; and so the film has it both ways again. It strikes a pro-IRA note to please the faithful and an anti-IRA note to please the liberals. It is no wonder that the film has been hailed for its objectivity. The *New York Times* critic saw the film as "a fervent indictment of the bitterness between English and IRA parties." This is precisely the impact that the film is intended to have on *The New York Times*. Conlon, moreover, is something of an anti-hero in the film, as he is in his own memoir; and his father is lovable but helpless. The book doesn't have a hero. But a film must have a hero, and so Sheridan has taken care to provide one with the invention of the outsized McAndrew, at once courageous and repugnant. And so the film is more sympathetic to the IRA than the book.

Why would the filmmakers want to make such a film? Surely there is no artistic reason for McAndrew, who is out of key with the subtlety of character in the rest of the film. The answer, surely, is that McAndrew's presence brings a moral and historical profit. Since he is not a straightforward hero, he permits a kind of ideological sleight of hand: terrorism can be accepted with just the right shudder of abhorrence. McAndrew is there to exploit not only the ignorance, but also the ambivalence, of his audience.

And I cannot help but believe that there was also a business reason for McAndrew. Would it be possible, in the United States, or any other English-speaking country, to get general distribution for a film whose political thrust was as anti-IRA as that of *In the Name of the Father* is anti-British? I don't think so, even if it had stars. One of the many advantages of running the world's most durable terrorist business—which is what the IRA is—is that you are in a position to make credible threats. McAndrew, a figure inspiring respect as well as fear, seems designed to meet the IRA's specifications, to win the IRA's seal of approval; and that, I believe, is also what McAndrew is there for. His presence ensures the safe distribution of *In the Name of the Father*; the theaters are fireproofed. The worst thing about blackmail is that it works. •

Pushkin Comes to Shove

BY JOSEPH FRANK

Strolls with Pushkin
by Andrei Sinyavsky
translated by Catharine Theimer Nepomnyashchy and Slava I. Yastremski

(Yale University Press, 175 pp., $25)

Andrei Sinyavsky has a way of getting into trouble, literally and literarily. Not that he sought to stir up a fuss. At the beginning of his career he made a considerable (if unsuccessful) effort to avoid trouble while giving free rein to his dissatisfaction with the Soviet world in which he had been reared. Under the name Andrei Sinyavsky, his real name, he was a respectable and successful young scholar who managed to obtain a coveted post at the Gorky Institute of World Literature. But under the name Abram Tertz—unquestionably a Jewish name, taken from a thieves' ballad—he was writing grotesquely humorous stories about Soviet life in the best tradition of the great nineteenth-century satirist Saltykov-Schchedrin. What is more, he smuggled such stories out to the West, preceded by *What Is Socialist Realism?*, a withering attack on official Soviet literary doctrine. (He had the help of a French Slavicist, the only foreigner then allowed in the University of Moscow, and the daughter of a naval attaché, whom he had met as a fellow student.)

The stir caused in the West by the writings of the mysterious Tertz, with their imaginative ridicule of Soviet shibboleths, and the note of piercing melancholy that rings out among their extravagances (notably in the story "Phkentz," which is a masterpiece), soon put the KGB on Sinyavsky's trail. He was finally tracked down in 1965, after a run of six years. (There is a brilliantly irreverent account of the hunt for Tertz, in which Sinyavsky himself was supposed to participate as a scholar, in his semi-autobiographical novel, *Goodnight!*) Arrested with his friend, the writer Yuly Daniel, who had also published abroad, the two were placed on trial in February 1966.

No Soviet law specifically forbade sending works abroad, but Sinyavsky was accused of being a traitor to his fatherland, of slandering the Soviet people and their regime. Passages of his work were ripped out of context and given a direct political significance, and his protests that he was not making political statements were swept aside. In an interview with the translator of the present volume, Sinyavsky describes himself as having been accused of "trampling on everything that was most sacred, even including [my own] mother"; and a campaign of public abuse was also organized against him. But the trial aroused an international furor, and the origins of the dissident movement in Russia are usually traced to the aftereffects of the Sinyavsky-Daniel affair.

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This excursion into the past fills in the background against which Sinyavsky's book on Pushkin was created. Sentenced to six years in a labor camp, he composed this book by inserting comments about Pushkin into his letters to his wife. Prisoners were permitted to write two letters a month, with no restrictions on length; and what subject would seem more innocuous to the censor than Pushkin? Maria Rozanova, Sinyavsky's wife, has described how she received letters from the camp "in which there were what seemed at first to be fragmentary meditations on Pushkin." As these continued to arrive, she excerpted such passages from the letters and put together the present volume.

But *Strolls with Pushkin* was not published until 1975, after Sinyavsky and his wife were allowed to emigrate to France, where he had been invited to lecture and finally was given a post at the Sorbonne. Since then Sinyavsky has continued to write and to teach, publishing scholarly works on Soviet civilization, Russian religion and the controversial turn-of-the-century essayist Vasily Rozanov under his own name, and other books, such as the one on Pushkin and another on Gogol, under the raffish pseudonym of Tertz. The persistent use of the latter indicates that he is still seeking to shock accepted moral and cultural norms; and *Strolls with Pushkin* hit the mark, perhaps beyond his expectations.

When it appeared abroad, the book was violently attacked in the Russian emigré press; and when passages were printed in *Oktiabr* in 1989, not only was the editor of that journal, sympathetic to the dissidents, forced to resign, but a special meeting of the Russian Writers' Union was called, during which the book was roundly excoriated. A year later *Voprosy Literatury*, a more official journal, organized a special symposium under the auspices of the USSR Academy of Sciences to allow both opponents and supporters of the work to state their case.

Non-Russian readers of Sinyavsky's book will find it free-wheeling, and somewhat irreverent, but by no means disparaging of Pushkin, and so they may wonder what all the fuss was about. For Americans, who have been challenged to adjust their sensibilities to Robert Mapplethorpe and the *Piss Christ*, the liberties that Sinyavsky allows himself to take with Pushkin hardly seem worthy of notice. Why should Igor Shafarevich, the eminent mathematician and notorious anti-Semite, have compared *Strolls with Pushkin* to *The Satanic Verses*, implying that its author merited the same

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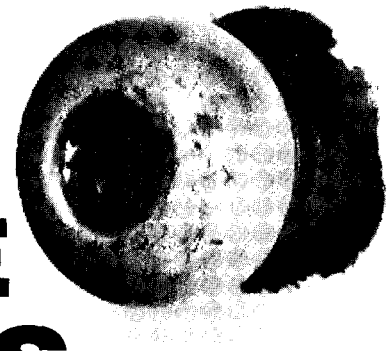

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SAM ADAMS

INTRODUCTION BY COL. DAVID HACKWORTH

THE VIETNAM WAR WAS CLOSE TO BEING WON IN THE FALL OF 1967—so they said in Washington. More Vietcong soldiers were dying in battle each week than the VC could recruit to replace them. In Washington they called this the "crossover point"—the beginning of the end for the Vietcong, the light at the end of the tunnel for the United States.

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Adams liked to say he wasn't a hawk and he wasn't a dove—all he cared about was the facts. Certainly no man ever had a greater appetite for raw data, fought harder over the conclusions of an intelligence estimate, made more friends in the bowels of the intelligence community, or infuriated more high officials on the seventh floor of the CIA, than did Sam Adams. Thirteen times the agency threatened to fire him for his stubborn refusal to play the good soldier. And when Adams finally resigned from the secret world in disgust he went public with a vengeance, digging up much of the information used in a celebrated CBS television documentary, "The Uncounted Enemy: A Vietnam Deception," which boldly accused American military officers in Saigon of a conspiracy to fake the numbers. When General William Westmoreland sued for libel, Adams got something very like the official board of inquiry he had always wanted. Millions of pages of documents were declassified during the three-year legal battle and [illegible]

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fate? Why should Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn have used his authority to attack the book? And why should a Russian woman, once a friend of the French translator of Sinyavsky's book, have called him "d'Antes" (the name of the Frenchman who killed Pushkin in a duel) and broken off all relations with him?

Some of the controversy may be attributed to the notoriously venomous animosities that have always marked political disagreements among Russian intellectuals. But more is due to the special status that Pushkin has come to occupy in the Russian pantheon. It is a status quite unlike that of any other writer in the Western literary tradition. For Russians, Pushkin is not only a writer of genius; he has also been elevated into a symbol of Russia's national identity, of its claim to take its rightful place of equality (if not superiority) among the nations of the civilized world. Gogol wrote in 1834 that Pushkin was "an extraordinary phenomenon and perhaps the only manifestation of the Russian spirit." Fifty years later Dostoyevsky picked up the same refrain in his famous speech, in 1880, at the dedication of a statue to Pushkin in Moscow. There, in the presence of the vast majority of the luminaries of Russian culture, Dostoyevsky proclaimed to a delirious audience that Pushkin's works incarnated the Russian ideal of reconciling all national antagonisms in a universal embrace of Christian love.

DRAWING BY JACK COUGHLIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

To be sure, this is far from being the only view of Pushkin that can be found in Russian criticism; but it is the view that became officially sanctioned, and which, with some variations in terminology, continued to be propagated even after the revolution. At the present time, with all such self-exalting dreams having faded in Russia's disintegration and collapse, this reverence for Pushkin has taken on even greater symbolic and emotive importance.

Sinyavsky's book is aimed not at all against Pushkin as a great writer, but it is most assuredly aimed at the ponderous Pushkin industry that has buttressed the official image of the poet as the icon of Russian national glory. It is also aimed at the view, driven home relentlessly against Sinyavsky in the courtroom, that the function of art is precisely to serve as the instrument of such chauvinistic glorification. Sinyavsky rejected such a view at his trial in 1966, in his concluding speech against his accusers, and his wife rightly remarks that this essay on Pushkin is "something of a continuation of his last speech at the trial." Indeed, the first draft was begun while the jury was deliberating its verdict, about which there could have been no uncertainty. "Do you know what your husband was doing while he was waiting to hear the sentence?" his lawyer asked Rozanova. "He was writing about Pushkin, notes about Pushkin."

Strolls with Pushkin was thus conceived as a polemical work intended to counter a certain image of Pushkin, and it assumes an audience in which this image has been steadily pounded home since the earliest schooldays. It also assumes that the reader has been familiar with Pushkin from childhood, as most Russians are; and also that there is no need to do more than refer allusively to well-known facts and incidents of his life, no need to identify the works from which passages are cited. The translators of this book do a thorough job of annotating all such references, but this can scarcely have much of an impact on readers encountering them for the first time. This is not a book for someone wishing an introduction to Pushkin, any more than D. H. Lawrence's vehement *Studies in Classic American Literature* should be used as an introduction to that particular canon.

But for Russians, and for those familiar with Pushkin, the book provides what can be a very entertaining and stimulating approach to the subject. It begins with the tradition of widespread jokes about the great poet that flowered along with his glorification. Such jokes, of course, are the popular equivalent of what Sinyavsky himself is setting out to do; and since many of them are bawdy and obscene, he intends "to clear them up a bit, getting rid of the scabrous trash." In light of this tradition, Pushkin becomes "our Charlie Chaplin, our contemporary Petrushka, who spiffed himself up and got the hang of strutting his stuff in rhyme." This stylistic irreverence is one of the hallmarks of Sinyavsky's nose-thumbing at Pushkinian pieties, and it has led to apoplectic reactions; one emigré critic, in an article abusively called "A Boor's Stroll with Pushkin," wrote that it was not "*what* Abram Tertz wrote about Pushkin" that offended him, "but *how* he wrote about Pushkin."

Most of Pushkin's early poetry was in the form of epistles to his friends, male and female, and Sinyavsky sees "lightness" as its defining characteristic. He compares the elegantly agile pirouettes of Pushkin's verse to the famous passage in *Evgeny Onegin* describing the prowess of the ballerina Istomina. As Pushkin depicted himself in his poetry, Sinyavsky writes, "he jealously guarded his reputation as an idler, a flighty person, and a scapegrace unacquainted with the torments of creation." Whether this image provides an accurate biographical por-

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trait is, for Sinyavsky, entirely irrelevant:

> We're not concerned with evidence—whether it be the truth or the invention of learned pedants—that lies beyond the boundaries of truth as the poet presented it, even more so that contradicts the version adhering to which he managed to endow us with a whole universe.

The argument of Sinyavsky's loose-jointed book may be found precisely in this identification between Pushkin's presumably self-deprecatory characterization and the fact that such qualities allowed him "to endow us with a whole universe." It was only by escaping from a world of social obligations and responsibilities, rejecting even the Romantic image of the poet wrestling "with the torments of creation," that he was able to create the works that have played such a dominant role in Russian literature ever since. Sinyavsky thus takes over Pushkin's own self-portrait (or whatever evidence for such a portrait he can find), and continually displays him in the pseudo-demeaning terms that have aroused so much hostility. (He has been vilified for writing rather fancifully, in order to stress the flirtatious and occasionally salacious nature of the early Pushkin, that "Pushkin ran into great poetry on thin erotic legs and created a commotion.") But then Sinyavsky subtly turns such terms around to show how they constitute the very essence of Pushkin's genius; and he ends up reaffirming, in his own way, some of the more traditional claims for Pushkin's greatness.

Consider Sinyavsky's remark that Pushkin, far from being "a great thinker," "professed trust in fate—a banal bit of wisdom—with as much conviction as if it were a guiding star that shone for him alone." Linking this reliance on "fate" with a "laziness" that Pushkin extolled in his schoolboy poetry, and describing the content of Pushkin's relation to life as "emptiness," Sinyavsky would seem to be busily engaged, as his opponents charged, in a task of demolition. But in fact this trust in the laziness of fate leads to a reliance on chance, which is an expression of freedom; and the "emptiness" amounts to an all-inclusive sympathy with everything in life that Sinyavsky singles out as typically Pushkinian.

"The dramatic poet—Pushkin demanded—must be impartial, like fate." So that, in the dramatic oppositions throughout his work (the Tsar and Evgeny in *The Bronze Horseman*, the father and the son in *The Covetous Knight*, and so on), "we don't always know whom we are supposed to prefer ... [and] we manage to become friendly with both warring sides." Indeed, "was there anyone with whom he couldn't find a common language?" These words remind us of Bakhtin on Dostoyevsky, but also of Dostoyevsky's own assertion that Pushkin possessed "the faculty of universal susceptibility and fullest, virtually perfect reincarnation of the genius of alien nations."

Sinyavsky's treatment, in short, is anything but the Pushkinian put-down for which he has been so noisily rebuked. Has it escaped the notice of his critics that Sinyavsky—and he is someone who takes his religion seriously!—compares Pushkin to Jesus? "Like the one who sent him, he [i.e., Pushkin] says 'behold' and 'arise' and creates the poetic image as a mystery of the *appearance* of things that have passed ... they're gone. But to make up for it they now repose [in Pushkin's poetry] with one foot in eternity." Dostoyevsky, as a young man, said somewhat the same thing about Hugo, whom he declared to have been sent by God to impart to humankind the law of its earthly life; but not even Dostoyevsky, for all his adoration of Pushkin, endowed the Russian poet with divinity.

Sinyavsky's ultimate purpose is to enlist Pushkin in his own defense; and he does so by his idiosyncratic interpretation of the course of the poet's career (producing many provocative and suggestive observations about individual works along the way). For him, Pushkin's career is a gradual process of self-liberation from everything except the demands of his art.

> We see how, by substituting some motives for others (women for service to society, money for women, amusement for lofty tasks, entrepreneurship for amusement), Pushkin gradually renounced, without exception, all the conceivable purposes that one generally imposed on art and opened the way to an understanding of poetry—negative to its very core—according to which it ... "must have no other aim than poetry itself."

For a Russian Pushkin-idolater, this use of "negative" to characterize Pushkin's poetic attitude will seem shocking; but an English reader recalls that Keats praised Shakespeare for exactly the same reasons. Shakespeare's "negative capability," his refusal to rush to judgment regarding the fundamental dilemmas of human life, was for Keats the very source of his greatness. Or as Hazlitt put the same thought in his *Lectures* on the English poets: "He [Shake-

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speare] was nothing in himself; but he was all that others were, or that they would become."

In detaching Pushkin's poetry from extraneous "purpose," however, Sinyavsky is not arguing for art for art's sake in the late-nineteenth-century Western (and very un-Russian) sense. He views art, rather, as the secular heir of the place once occupied by religion:

> With the decline of the traditional foundations, art becomes almost the only haven for intense self-contemplation, which has renounced the vanity of the world but still remembers its ancient kinship with prayer and nature, with prophecy and dreams, and tries to prattle something about heaven and miracles.

Such a view of art, as Sinyavsky knows, can easily degenerate into what he calls "the cruelest parody," if "the spiritual source weakens and dries up" and the new clergy turn into "ordinary bohemians." But he believes that art always has the capacity "even when immersed up to its ears in banality ... to catch fire and soar." By the time of Pushkin's death, Sinyavsky views him as having succeeded in separating the Man from the Poet, and in some sense having sacrificed the first to the second. This does not mean that the Poet became indifferent to what concerned the Man. It meant only that he was concerned with the human in his own poetic way. "Pushkin's nods and bows to the good of the fatherland, *virtue, mercy,* etc., are neither concessions nor a betrayal of the principles of freedom, but a consistent and vital application of them."

In Russian culture, the freedom of art has never meant pure aestheticism, but just that—freedom, the freedom to write about anything and everything as the writer wishes, untrammeled by external authorities or by the internalization of social tasks. Pushkin's "art is so purposeless," Sinyavsky explains,

> that it pokes its nose into every nook and cranny it happens to come across and doesn't shrink from asking questions about things that are not its business, but that for some reasons attract the author's attention. He is free enough to allow himself to write about anything ... without turning into a doctrinaire of any single idea—even a purposeless one.

And then Sinyavsky clinches the point with Pushkin's exhortation "To the Poet": "Along a free road / Go where your free mind leads you."

This is manifestly the road along which Sinyavsky felt himself to have strolled, though the path has been a rather bumpy one; and he invited Pushkin along for company to see how far they could agree to walk together. Not all the way, as he discovered. Sinyavsky admits that he has never tried to "live" with Pushkin, that is, to enter completely into his intimacy; he is fully aware that he has fashioned a Pushkin to suit himself, a Pushkin who would accompany him only for a certain distance. Still, their stroll together, for all its casualness and its insouciance, marks a date in the annals of Russian criticism.

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Battle Scars

BY GUSTAVO GORRITI

Utopia Unarmed: The Latin American Left After the Cold War by Jorge G. Castañeda

(Knopf, 498 pp., $27.50)

Some months before the guerrilla uprising in Chiapas, several leaders of the Latin American left gathered at Princeton University for an event called "Alternatives in Latin America: A Panel of Presidential Candidates." "Never before have so many significant political leaders from Latin America's left gathered in the United States," wrote the scholar Abraham Lowenthal, "Luiz Ignacio da Silva of Brazil, Cuauthemoc Cardenas of Mexico, Ruben Zamora of El Salvador, Antonio Navarro Wolf of Colombia, Pablo Medina of Venezuela and Luis Maira of Chile." The organizer of the event was the Mexican writer Jorge Castañeda, and he was indulging in a writer's fantasy: to have the characters in his own book meet, sit together and talk.

Castañeda's book bears the signs of a long preoccupation with its subject. It is the most comprehensive account of the post-Cuban revolutionary left in Latin America that has so far been written. Castañeda, who is equally at home in Mexican politics, Latin American intellectual life and the thought bites of Washington, has successfully overcome the mental balkanization that enveloped Latin America after the literary boom of the 1960s, when we had common writers, common words, even common dreams. He has crisscrossed Latin America, interviewing a remarkable range of people, from guerrillas to Brahmins; he has immersed himself in an extensive bibliography that would otherwise have been mostly unknown outside the particular country, and in some cases outside the particular NGO; and he has organized his vast material historically and analytically.

Castañeda's historical passages are his best. He has rescued remarkable characters from oblivion, and some of them epitomize the left's current preoccupations and predicaments. Thus he describes the awakening of a veteran cadre to a new era:

> When changes began to occur in Eastern Europe, Romeo was both elated and depressed: happy because, along with most of the new generation of revolutionaries that emerged from the 1960s in Latin America, he had always opposed the authoritarian, bureaucratic socialism that had prevailed in those nations; sad because he sensed that an entire historical era was coming to a close and that his own life was too closely identified with it not to suffer from its conclusion.... the fall of the Socialist bloc and the end of the Nicaraguan adventure transformed Romeo into the ultimate cast-off: a man with no country, no job, no money or roots, but most of all, a man without a meaning to his life.... He was a tragic example of the best of the left, of its disillusion and helplessness in confronting a bleak future and a seemingly futile past.

The leftist leaders who came to Princeton were certainly not in Romeo's existential quandary, and perhaps they were not as afflicted by the wounds of memory; but they shared with him a past that weighed on their present, and they shared the need to survive their own history.

To understand the saga of the radical left in Latin America, it helps to see Latin America during the last thirty years as a battlefield. During most of that continentwide war, with its sudden twists of fortune and its often brutal clashes of fantasy and reality, the left's perception of itself was one of vibrant

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youth, full of promise, driven by a sense of transcendent enterprise. During the span of only a few years, however, the transcendent enterprise became irrelevant, and the vision of conquering youth became one of sudden decrepitude. In the early '90s, as its leaders and its followers came down from the mountains, emerged from the safe houses, outlasted the prisons and returned from exile, it became almost the common wisdom to picture the radical left as a kind of Rip Van Winkle, looking in confusion on a world that appeared to have changed in ways that it never envisaged. It seemed that the only role that remained for the left was to play the new reactionaries, while the investors and the technopols played the new revolutionaries.

Indeed, time played dialectical games with a whole generation of Latin American radical leftists. Fidel Castro had been hailed in the '60s as an improved Bolívar, as a hero and a founding father of a continentwide revolution; but in the '90s he was mostly portrayed as the prototype of all that his generation had stood against: a stubborn, ruthless and almost pathetic conservative defending a decaying status quo. The Sandinista leadership was seen in the late '70s and early '80s as living proof of the rejuvenating power of the radical leftist ethos; but a few years later the poet warriors of the past had metamorphosed into the shameless *piñata* beneficiaries of today, sharing confiscated goods among themselves. With stunning swiftness, many things and many processes were transformed into their opposite. Time, which was regarded by the radical left as its own, since History would march its way, and as a crucial guerrilla asset, since revolutionaries would use time to progress from weak strategic defenses to overpowering strategic offensives, had become an enemy, a mortal affliction.

Events that were remote geographically—the collapse of the Socialist countries and the end of the cold war—were decisive factors in hastening the perceived twilight of the left in Latin America. But that twilight was not the consequence of external causes alone. Many of the left's infirmities were the result of the violent processes set in motion by the left itself, in its attempt to reproduce Castro's Sierra Maestra insurgency all over Latin America and the Caribbean. This itinerant war has lasted thirty years; and it is still fermenting, with varying degrees of intensity, in Guatemala, Colombia and Peru. It has killed half a million people; displaced, as internal or external refugees, at least 3 million people; and contributed, from the mid-'60s through the late '70s, to the breakdown of democratic regimes and to their replacement by brutal counterinsurgent dictatorships. The war also killed or spiritually maimed all too many promising young Latin intellectuals; and it diverted others into the consuming process of war, making them overlook or forget the larger world for too long.

In a sense, the true subject of the guerrilla insurgencies was method. Castro's victory, as it was interpreted by Che Guevara and then further elaborated by Regis Debray in his *Revolution in the Revolution*, taught that there existed a method that, if properly employed, would allow radical enthusiasm to be transformed into political strength, and that this transformation would allow the insurgents to defeat national armies and to seize power. The techniques were there; they required only the power of a radical will, and total commitment, and hazardous training, and a touch of destiny.

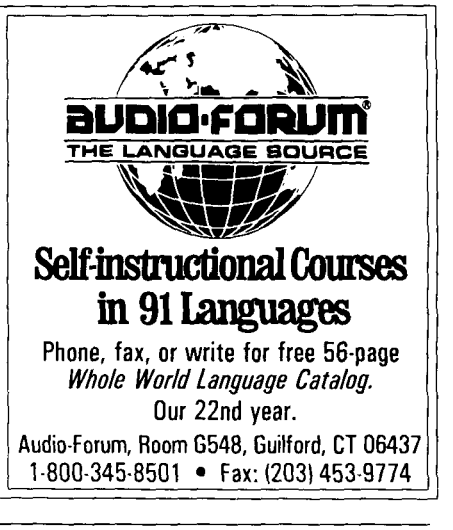
The infatuation with method was only possible because the Cuban revolution fired up emotions that were awaiting expression among many of the Latin American baby boomers. This was an impatient generation. It grew up in the dangerous gap between high expectations and dreary realities. Tragedy, love, hope, lofty purposes and easily identifiable villains: the aroused emotions sent thousands of young Latin American populists to destinies often more tragic than those of their Russian populist forebears. As Naipaul recounted in *The Return of Eva Perón*, watching a movie such as *Sacco and Vanzetti* was itself enough to plunge some people into the killing and dying business. Their thinking was poorly defined. They had barely an inkling of the horrors to come.

Viewed from the vantage point of its disastrous consequences, it is sometimes hard to comprehend the lure that the radical leftist ethos exerted over a whole generation in Latin America. Yet this generation came of age watching the impressive territorial gains that were made all over the world by Communist parties and left-wing nationalists. From 1945 to the mid-'70s these gains, backed up by propaganda and ideology, gave the impression of an unstoppable tide. And there were also close parallels, or so many believed, between their own time and the nineteenth-century wars of independence. That the process of nation-building was incomplete was painfully evident in the stunted development and the glaring income disparities that were widespread through Latin America. In their view the process would finally be completed through the sacrifice, the blood and the glory of a second, decisive war of independence.

At the same time this generation was absorbing from afar the main postwar intellectual trends, and was enthralled by Fanon, Sartre, Althusser, Marcuse and the "dependency theorists." With very few exceptions, most writers of the remarkable cohort that became known as the "Latin American literary boom" were strong supporters of, and often propagandists for, the cause of armed revolution. Later there were some, such as Mario Vargas Llosa, who sharply changed their views; but others, such as Gabriel García Márquez, Julio Cortázar and Alejo Carpentier, stuck by their positions and set the standards of opinion. Their authority, especially during the 1960s, in a continent where the power of the writer to change opinions puts one in mind of Eastern Europe and Russia, provided the moral and aesthetic background to many fateful political decisions.

There were three major stages of guerrilla insurgency. The first stage was mostly rural, and it closely imitated Castro's uprising. Guerrilla *focos* spread through Latin America's rugged geography, as many young people scrambled not to miss the train of history. Most were eradicated, a few (such as Colombia's ELN) managed to survive, fewer still became major threats and none came close to victory. This stage ended with Guevara's death in 1967. In the second stage, the battlefields moved mostly toward the southern cone, and from the countryside to the big cities: Rio, São Paulo, Montevideo, Buenos Aires. Some of the largest urban guerrilla operations anywhere took place there, as the Tupamaros in Uruguay, and the Montoneros and the ERP in Argentina, demonstrated their tactical sophistication and their confusion in every other respect. After their shattering defeats, ruthless military regimes were in place in every country in which they had acted.

In the third phase, which began in the mid-'70s, the major battlegrounds shifted chiefly to Central America and,



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to a lesser extent, to Colombia. The insurgents triumphed in Nicaragua, fought to a stalemate in El Salvador, lost in Guatemala. From the standpoint of the insurrectionary method, the guerrillas of the late '70s and the '80s had learned from past mistakes, and had absorbed the lessons from conflicts far away from the hemisphere, especially Vietnam. They also moved in friendlier geography against weaker enemies. They had greater external support, mostly but not solely from Cuba; and they had increased their political and military sophistication. Still, the Sandinista victory was possible only after Somoza managed to alienate virtually every sector of Nicaragua's society.

The Shining Path insurgency in Peru developed as an entirely different phenomenon. The Shining Path is roughly contemporary with the third phase of Latin American guerrilla insurgency; and yet its distinctive character is owed to its disconnection from Latin American trends and traditions. It was, as it still is, an ultraorthodox development of overly hyphenated Marxism, with the late Maoism of the Cultural Revolution its strongest component. And by a combination of chance and irony, Peruvian counterinsurgency also acquired an extracontinental flair. During the early '90s, when here was the fanatical Shining Path, parading in the uniforms of Chinese Red Guards, sometimes even singing revolutionary songs in pidgin Chinese, and there was Alberto Fujimori, speaking in pidgin Spanish, and playing ad nauseam the card of his Japanese identity, it was difficult to avoid a strong sense of déjà vu: you had the feeling that some business had been left unfinished in the Manchurian wars of the 1930s and 1940s, and that it was being finished in the Andes.

One of the most striking characteristics of the Latin American insurgency was its scale. It was vast, supranational and hemispherewide. Mimicking the transnational character of the wars of independence, guerrillas often fought and died in countries other than their own. Shortly before Guevara's romantic, sloppy and belligerent wanderlust came to its tragic end in Bolivia in 1967, the OLAS organization was created as the Latin American version of the Comintern. Guerrilla organizations from the southern cone and Bolivia established coordinating bodies in the late '60s and early '70s; the Central American insurgent organizations cooperated closely among themselves (though this did not prevent some internecine settling of accounts). So did some organizations of the Andean region. They collaborated with each other, and received guidance, training and advice from Cuba, a nation that they regarded as a tropical beacon on the hill. Eventually they also cooperated with loosely defined extracontinental allies, from Vietnam to the PLO. Over the years a relatively small, hard-boiled group of guerrilla survivors would end up as transnational tacticians and gunmen. When the revolutionary objective eventually faded from view, their internationalism devolved into a degenerate version of Guevara's dream, as individuals and organizations from different Latin American countries pooled their resources to kidnap the rich and live off the ransoms.

The rebels were confronted by transnational counterinsurgents who believed that they were fighting the third world war, that they had become the first line of defense for Western civilization. Of course, their notion of Western civilization was a peculiar one. Medieval Europe was their golden age. When they spoke of a "crusade," they meant it literally. The thinking of the Latin American military was shaped by two major intellectual influences. The less important of these was American counterinsurgency doctrine, even during the so-called counterinsurgency era of the '60s. The more important influence, from the late '50s, was the French *guerre révolutionnaire* doctrine.

This was an activist metaphysical vision with deep roots in ultraconservative French Catholic thought. It imagined the army as the guardian of the "essence" of the nation, and it openly justified torture as an important weapon of counterinsurgency. The Argentinean armed forces—where extreme Catholic fascists and rabid anti-Semites exerted great influence—were the doctrine's most extreme practitioners and disseminators. When General Cristino Nicolaides, at the height of the dirty war, declared that "the Marxist-Communist International has been operating since 500 years before Christ," he was communicating a worldview in which the infamous *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* had made a happy marriage with the techniques of the *guerre révolutionnaire.* Nicolaides made his statement when he was the commander of the Third Army corps, one of Argentina's most important units and one of its most brutal. Very little has been written about the mentality that prevailed in Latin American armies during the continent's thirty years of internal war, about how inimical to liberal democracy, or even to civilian rule, it was.

Like the guerrillas, the crusaders were supranational in their thinking and in their activity. Chilean intelligence agents operated in Buenos Aires even during times of border tension between the two regimes. At the height of the repression about twenty Chilean exiles disappeared there every week. Bolivia's leftist ex-president, General Juan José Torres, was assassinated in Argentina, as was Uruguayan Senator Zelmar Michelini. With the aid of Klaus Barbie and a coterie of Italian neo-fascists and German neo-Nazis, Argentinean operatives helped to organize and to carry out the bloody Luis García Meza narcocoup in Bolivia in 1980-81. Montonero exiles were arrested or abducted in Lima, in joint Peruvian-Argentinean operations, and then handed over to García Meza or sent to Argentina to suffer excruciating deaths. A Montonero woman named Esther Gianotti de Molfino was abducted in Lima and sent to Argentina, and her corpse was discovered a few weeks later in Madrid.

It is a matter of historical record that the United States often cooperated with these fascist crusaders, even as democratic regime after democratic regime fell to the combined efforts of insurgents and counterinsurgents. (Argentinean trainers, coordinating with the Reagan administration, were the first trainers and organizers of the contras.) In many instances, however, more damage was done by American ignorance and faulty understanding than by American design. Counterinsurgency, whose primary objective was containment, was a technical matter for the United States, and taught as such by politically unsophisticated operatives. They were no match for latter-day crusaders, or even for other more profit-minded conspirators who focused their energies on coopting the upper echelons of the armed forces. In the exceptional cases, as in Venezuela under the late Rómulo Betancourt, when a Latin American democratic leadership successfully took control of the counterinsurgency effort, and did so without betraying democracy, the American counterinsurgency technicians were not quite able to understand what was happening, much less to model their own efforts on it.

The maximalism of the insurgents was emotional and voluntaristic. The maximalism of the counterinsurgents was rooted in the ideologies that lost the Second World War, and their ferocity was owed to their feeling of being lost, but armed, in an alien world. Both involved relative minorities, within the left and within the military; but their confrontation was the key event for Latin America through a whole generation.

Democracy, despised and decried by the left in the 1960s and early 1970s as an

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empty procedure, a fallacious formality, was discovered in the prisons and torture chambers of the diverse dictatorships. When important sectors of the left began to concentrate more on political activism at the grassroots level and less on armed struggle, they became aware of the vital importance of legal rights, and also of the practical difficulties of governance. Procedural democracy, as they discovered the hard way, was not an empty shell. It was a rich operating system without which civilized life was a distant dream for those removed from power.

"The best definition of democracy I ever heard," says the Cuban-American writer Luis Aguilar León, "was told to me by a Peruvian peasant at the end of the 1960s. '*La democracia es el derecho a que no me peguen.*'" That is, democracy is my right not to be beaten up. From the right not to be beaten up or tortured or imprisoned, most other rights follow with smooth, Cartesian articulation: the right not to be beaten up because of one's writings or one's activism or one's minority status. The left eventually came to use this working definition of democracy; and in the process of acting within this newly revealed democratic framework, it became in almost every case its loyal supporter and defender. In that role the left became strongly involved in grassroots organizations and municipal-level politics, and made strong electoral progress in several countries during the 1980s.

Then the collapse of Socialist countries, the debt and inflation crises, and the free-market juggernaut all over Latin America provided another devastating defeat for the left's modified and more modest dreams. Those who had been considered capitalist Neanderthals now commanded the intellectual and political heights. Latin American countries competed to put free-market gospel into practice, propelled by aggressive preachers who seemed to have expropriated the intellectual defiance, the arrogant claims on the future, that used to be the revolutionaries' trademark. The elites also changed. The left, suddenly, became old. It faced the prospect of its own demise.

At that moment the Chiapas revolt in Mexico abruptly promised a rejuvenation of the guerrillas' romantic past, and a historical comeback. It promised to even the scores with the neo-liberals. The dashing and media-savvy Subcomandante Marcos was reminiscent of the many colorful guerrilla *comandantes* of the past, from Comandante Zero to Guevara, who had finessed their military stalemates with their remarkable personalities. And the sudden idolization of Marcos as a guerrilla icon by sizable sectors of Mexico's middle class, and especially the intelligentsia, reminded one all too well of the disastrous allure that the guerrilla ethos had exerted in the past over students and intellectuals throughout Latin America.

Still, parallels can be misleading. Strangely enough, the strongest weapon in the arsenal of the Chiapas guerrillas was NAFTA. Afraid to sabotage the treaty's implementation, the Mexican government has scrambled to achieve a peaceful resolution of a conflict that it might have won by force of arms. And so the exchange of bullets was followed by the exchange of pleasantries between Subcomandante Marcos and Manuel Camacho, the Mexican government's negotiator, and the revolutionary goals initially proclaimed by the Chiapas guerrillas gave way, in less than three months, to wide agreements on peaceful, democratic reforms. Even after Colosio's assassination, Marcos is not a national security threat, but remains an asset for most political actors, the Mexican government included, since Salinas's handling of the Chiapas revolt helped legitimize him in the eyes of Americans and Canadians. History was not repeating itself.

But there is also a sobering side to the Chiapas revolt. It is the reminder that trickle-down economics doesn't seem to work very well in clogged Latin American societies. And the failure of trickle-down policies is likely to exacerbate social tensions, to widen income disparities, to fuel new forms of violence. Without democratic reform, a purely technocratic economic program is unlikely to succeed in the long run. So today's left has its work cut out for it. Even before Chiapas, those leaders of the left who attended Castañeda's conference at Princeton seemed clear about that. All of them expressed their concerns about income distribution, about social programs, about democracy, and about bettering the lot of the poor. But they also praised the capitalist virtues of productivity, investment and profit. "We must build a house with two stories," suggested Chile's Luis Maira. "The second story should involve social programs, but the ground floor must include sound macroeconomic policies based on market principles."

"Listening to these articulate leaders," Lowenthal wrote, "I could not help but think that John F. Kennedy called unsuccessfully for just this kind of leadership in Latin America at the time of the Alliance for Progress in the 1960s: committed democrats devoted to social and economic reforms." It was a process not

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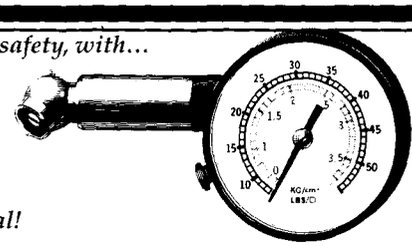

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devoid of irony: Who would have predicted that after these violent thirty years the heirs of Latin American revolutionaries would find themselves sharing goals with the heirs of the Camelot counterinsurgents? But it wasn't entirely a one-way street. As Lowenthal rightly pointed out, the United States had in this new social democratic left "its potential partners for renewal." The basic agendas for change "are not so different in the North and South."

To make such a dialogue possible by dint of research, explanation and sometimes prescription is a significant strength in Castañeda's book. And yet the book suffers from some of its comparative advantages. Castañeda, a leftist himself in the quite flexible Mexican sense of the term, has had access to people and to descriptions of events that would have been very hard for a less well-connected author to obtain. On the other hand, his political identification sometimes makes him veer back and forth between analysis and advocacy, diagnosis and prescription. These veerings can be abrupt or repetitive, and they do not enhance the clarity of his writing or thinking. It also seems to cause a certain fatigue in Castañeda himself; in some particularly complex passages of his book he seems to be groping to find the shortest, quickest means of escape.

There is, from my point of view, another objection. Castañeda includes several populist, caudillo-led movements in his discussion of the "left." Brazil's Getulio Vargas, Argentina's Juan Domingo Perón, even Peru's Alan García are all placed within Castañeda's general definition of the phenomenon. At the same time, a number of remarkable social democratic nation-builders such as Venezuela's Betancourt or Costa Rica's José Figueres are not included.

I believe this is a mistake. Vargas and Perón had more in common with fascism than with either the traditional or the nontraditional left. And García was, as president, a nation-wrecking demagogue of uncertain ideological sign. Their rhetorical nationalism expressed a desire for domestic dominance, not a desire to empower their people, much less to democratize or to reform their societies. It's that last desire, however wrongheaded in conception or failed in the end, that was at the root of the Latin American left ethos. In much the same way that demagoguery is a caricature of idealism, so these regimes—which brought social conflict and national decay to their nations—were a caricature of social reform.

Nonetheless, Castañeda equates leftism and nationalism. To identify with the poor, he argues, is to identify with the fatherland, whereas the rich and middle classes identify with (or are identified as) foreigners. And he brushes aside right-wing nationalism because, he contends, it is totally unconcerned with the social situation of the nation. But that is not necessarily true. Moreover, nationalism in Latin America has often been of a traditional, conservative nature. It is nationalism of a strongly patrimonial character, deeply rooted in the legacy of nineteenth-century dictators such as Juan Manuel de Rosas of Argentina or José Gaspar Rodriguez de Francia of Paraguay. And people professing this kind of nationalism—mainly, but not solely, in the military—regard the left's activists as agents of foreign powers or ideologies. The goal of social reformers today, as it was for Betancourt and Figueres, is the process of nation-building, which is something different from nationalism, and sometimes even opposed to it. Nation-building is essentially future-oriented, whereas nationalism is quite frequently tradition-bound.

It is in overextending the concept of nationalism (as "longitudinal nationalism") that Castañeda falters the most. It is true that his criticism of "intrusive cooperation" is fruitful and intriguing;

Two Kinds of Bird

1. The Dunnock

As I lay dreaming on the grass
a dunnock flew up to my face,
and fluttered her wings at my eyelashes,
and presented her pip of an eye at my nose
and looked into my pupil
as if she stood on a windowsill
and made of the intervening glass
a mirror of herself, with lawn and bushes,
and the straggling roses and yew hedge,
and the chair under the apple trees, and the ha-ha ditch
rife with rhubarb and brambles.
Or it was the Eden of my skull
she peered into, with a bird
as plain and brown as herself observed
rustling and shifting. My interior
breathed roses and apples. I had her. No escape.
When she took off skywards, the landscape
was bone hard. A petal stuck on the air.

2. The Dipper

On the bank of the Wharfe,
  a shock of disbelief—
there, there, under the flowing water
  a bird on the river bed—
she peered among stones
  and gobbled a grub,
a grub or a water beetle.
  How did she learn to hunt like that,
out of her element,
  holding her breath and
taking the prey by surprise?—
  A small bird with sharp eyes
and untypical behavior:
  should I regard her as omen,
or gift, or model?

Just as I bent closer
  simply to admire
she flew into the air
  in a burst of water.

Mairi MacInnes

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he rightly questions the imposition of the American agenda on unwilling partners, especially in matters related to immigration and the drug war. But this analysis fails in the area of human rights, where the need for international cooperation, even "intrusive cooperation" as defined by Castañeda, is so dramatically clear.

Castañeda's vision (and prescription) of the left's future role is spelled out in the book's last chapter, "A Grand Bargain for the Millennium." The first part of the bargain, quite sensible but by no means spectacular, is for the left to rediscover and advocate "Rhineland" capitalism. (Castañeda wants to combine the Japanese model of export promotion with the German model of the welfare state.) The second is for the left to push Latin America toward a better understanding of its own leverage within the renovated North-South agenda. He persuasively argues that a stronger case can be made for debt forgiveness, and he stresses the need for more forceful negotiations on issues concerning ecology.

The third part is the need for a new "Grand Bargain" at the domestic level, which means concessions by the business sector and the wealthier classes. He contends that without such a new social contract there is real danger of a profound, eventually catastrophic, social deterioration. Castañeda enjoins the left to claim the urban poor as its natural base; and he believes that grassroots organizations constitute one area where the left has a clear comparative advantage. He sees power in contemporary Latin America as both diverse and diffuse, and this vision translates into not only a possibly fruitful course of action for the left but also into a promising route toward a stable democracy. Power, he rightly says,

> is not quite everything ... although it is a lot. Mainly, it is everywhere: in the streets and shantytowns, in schools and city halls, in books and newspapers and on television and in factories and fields. Without power nothing can be accomplished; but there are many shapes and sizes of it, and they are all conducive to the purposes pursued.

A moderate, enlightened social democracy would benefit almost every country in Latin America. About this Castañeda is right. But would the urban poor be its natural base? In many cases the moderate left will find itself fighting uphill battles against the demagogues and the fundamentalists who have gained ground in Latin America. The Peruvian left got a bloody taste of this when it confronted Sendero Luminoso; and you might imagine roughly similar scenarios elsewhere in Latin America.

Still, despite its flaws, Castañeda's book nicely demonstrates that in a continent ever more in need of reform-minded, nation-building democratic regimes, early reports of the left's demise are bound to be greatly exaggerated. With its considerable strengths, this book will be a major point of reference as the left's future unfolds. For, however calamitously wrongheaded the left has been in the past, Latin America ignores the need for social reform, which is the need for social justice, at its own peril.

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Flaubert's Parrot

BY DENIS DONOGHUE

Rage and Fire: A Life of Louise Colet by Francine du Plessix Gray

(Simon & Schuster, 432 pp., $27.50)

Louise Colet is mainly known as Flaubert's lover—"his one great love," according to Francine du Plessix Gray—and the recipient of his most remarkable love letters. Otherwise she is a footnote in French literary history. Gray does not make large claims for her as a poet, but she plans to turn her into a personage. She hopes to do this by presenting her as a feminist and a victim "whose memory has been erased by the caprices of men." Another emblem there. Two earlier attempts to rescue Colet from general indifference have had some success in colleges and universities, Joseph Jackson's *Louise Colet et ses amis littéraires* (1937) and Micheline Bood and Serge Grand's *L'Indomptable Louise Colet* (1986). Gray is now asking the general reader to pay attention to Colet's "sad, joyous, tempestuous life."

Louise Révoil was born on August 15, 1810, at Aix-en-Provence, the youngest of the six children of Henri-Antoine and Henriette Révoil. Her father was in charge of the postal services at Aix, a comfortable job. He was a monarchist and a Roman Catholic. Louise was a beautiful child, intellectually daring, with the makings of a fine linguist. Within a few years she learned Latin, Greek, Italian and enough English to translate passages from Shakespeare's plays.

But she was bored. She longed for the bright, gregarious life of Paris. On December 6, 1834 she married Hippolyte Colet, a musician who had among his few attributes a job in Paris, though not a splendid one. In Paris, Louise set about attracting social and professional notice. She sent Sainte-Beuve one of her poems. "I ask of you only one thing," he replied, "to admire you in silence, without being obliged to point out to the public just where I cease to admire you." He was the first of many literary men to whom Colet presented herself. Chateaubriand was next. She also tried to kill a hostile critic, Alphonse Karr, but that act, too, is best appreciated as an exercise in self-promotion.

Meanwhile Colet published a book of poems called *Fleurs du Midi* and won the first of several prizes awarded by the Academie. A more important prize was the philosopher Victor Cousin, author of *The True, the Beautiful and the Good.* They become lovers in July 1839. In August 1840 Colet had her first child, Henriette. Gray says that Cousin was "most probably (but not necessarily)" the father, a nice distinction to allow for the fact that Hippolyte was still in the picture. The same ambiguity of parentage obtained in July 1843, when Colet gave birth to a boy. The child died within a few weeks.

In Paris Colet was now "the Muse," her salon was successful if not quite scintillating and she had visible friends, notably Pierre-Jean de Béranger, Juliette Récamier and James Pradier. The mixture became too rich for Hippolyte, and he moved out. In the spring of 1846 Louise took another lover, a Polish exile, Boris Christien. On July 28 she met Gustave Flaubert at Pradier's apartment. A few days later they became lovers.

Most of the information about this famous affair comes from Flaubert's letters to Colet, and from Colet's journal. Flaubert later burned her letters to him, saving only three. The affair lasted four months in its first phase. Colet was in Paris, Flaubert in Rouen. Flaubert lived with his mother and used her as an excuse for not coming to Paris. The lovers rarely saw each other. Flaubert

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didn't want to get involved with Colet, or with anyone else. He was an opportunist, gifted with a foul mouth and the moral sensibility of a goat. Colet may have been "his one great love," but that doesn't say much; Flaubert took love and sex where he found them. He didn't regard Colet as having acquired any rights merely because she was in love with him and made love with him from time to time.

Gray's interpretation of the relationship between Flaubert and Colet is much indebted to Sartre's *L'Idiot de la famille.* Sartre was convinced that the first coupling of Flaubert and Colet took place in a hansom cab in Paris a few days after they met. Flaubert was impotent on the occasion, but he did better with Colet in his hotel that night. Sartre makes the point that Flaubert came on strong as the dark, handsome stranger, mad, bad, dangerous to know. "I warned you about it: my misery is contagious, I am contaminated, woe to anyone who touches me," he reminded Colet in one of his first letters, on August 6, 1846.

Sartre thought both lovers were playacting. Flaubert was playing himself, or Byron, and thinking himself ridiculous in the role. Colet was playing the post-coitum heroine, a fit emblem of the last years of Louis-Phillipe, her hair spread on Flaubert's pillow, hands clasped, eyes to heaven, babbling nonsense. Made for each other. No wonder Flaubert committed the obscenity of having Emma and Leon, in *Madame Bovary,* repeat the coupling performance in a hansom cab riding through the streets of Rouen. In Paris, one cab was indistinguishable from another. In Rouen, a cab going round and round the streets was obviously a mobile bordello. Flaubert was vile.

The affair ended because Flaubert did not want it to continue. As late as 1902, Henry James thought that Colet was the only woman in Flaubert's life:

> When I have added that his published letters offer a view, not very refreshing, of his youthful entanglement with Madame Louise Colet—whom we name because, apparently not a shrinking person, she long ago practically named herself—I shall have catalogued his personal vicissitudes. And I may add further that the connection with Madame Colet, such as it was, rears its head for us in something like a desert of immunity from such complications.

Not so. In the spring of 1847 he started a six-month affair with Pradier's wife, Ludovica. There were other entanglements, none quite as dense as the one with Colet, but the affair Flaubert had with Beatrix Person was at least a complication.

In 1847 Colet went her own way, took a lover, got pregnant, had a boy who died. One lover succeeded another: Franz Noller, Désiré Bancel (she got pregnant by him, but miscarried), Octave Lacroix, Auguste Vetter. For Flaubert the break from Colet was emphasized by his trip to Egypt in 1849 and 1850 with Maxime du Camp, an escapade of heterosexual and homosexual activity. Sartre thought that Flaubert's reports of his homosexual episodes were dubious, that nothing more than verbal showing-off was involved. Flaubert's letters from Egypt to his cronies in Paris tell of brothels and syphilis.

PORTRAIT OF LOUISE COLET BY JAMES PRADIER

Courtesy of Cliché del Musées Nationaux, Paris

Colet was fool enough to wait, and she wrote to Flaubert on his return. They got together, a reunion made easier by Flaubert's break with du Camp and the fact that Flaubert's new friend, Louis Bouilhet, was not yet a nuisance. In the fall of 1851 the sex and the love letters between Flaubert and Colet were resumed. This time the affair lasted two years and was far more serious. The most impressive evidence of this is that Flaubert expressed his truest thoughts on art and style in letters to Colet.

But Colet could not leave well alone, or keep it going. She had to entertain the advances of yet another suitor, Alfred de Musset. She could not reject a famous poet. In December 1853 she started a brief affair with Bouilhet, and in 1854 she took up with Alfred de Vigny. The affair with Flaubert drifted off in 1855. Gray comments:

> In spite of her serene liaison with the famous, faithful, ever gallant de Vigny, the obscure provincial scribbler Gustave Flaubert remained the center of Louise's life. She would never resign herself to losing him. He moved to Paris in October of 1854 to finish his *Bovary* in a little flat on the Boulevard du Temple, where she left notes with his concierge, pleading with him to see her one more time.... In breaking with Louise Colet—a woman whom he had loved and esteemed above any other, who had healed the self-doubts inflicted by his philistine family and offered him a unique self-assurance about his vocation, who, tempestuous and possessive as she was, had served as the catalyst for his genius—he was very curt: "Madame: I am told that you took the trouble to come here to see me three times last evening. I was not in. And, fearing that your persistence might provoke me to humiliate you, wisdom leads me to warn you that *I shall never be in* .... G. F."

On the margin of that letter, Colet wrote three fair words: *lâche, couard et canaille.*

In 1855 Colet published *Une Histoire de Soldat,* a fictional account of her affair with Flaubert, and in 1859 a novel called *Lui,* which has been recently translated into English, and these books prove, as Henry James recalled, "that she used to roam in the Bois de Boulogne in the small hours of the night in a low-necked dress while 'He,' roaming hand and hand with her, showered kisses up her shoulders." Meanwhile, in 1856 Colet took another lover, Jules Fleury, "Champfleury," and suffered the embarrassment of being arrested with him in a field of poppies near Meudon: indecent exposure, with a fine of five francs. The event, as Gray grandly puts it, "marked the Indian summer of our heroine's sexuality, the last erotic episode in the won-

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derfully uninhibited sex life of Madame Louise Colet." In 1859 Colet started traveling—Florence, Venice, Naples, Rome, Egypt, Turkey, Greece—and diverted herself to minding everybody else's business but her own. She died on March 8, 1876.

Gray's book is animated by one emphatic idea, that the hatred of women by nineteenth-century literary men in France was extraordinarily venomous. She thinks that Colet was a victim of such misogyny. But hatred is hard to measure. It is true that Colet was much abused by men. It is also true, a fact that Gray nowhere admits, that Colet was for the most part a silly, meretricious person. She had a small literary talent, as well as the more negotiable talent of being beautiful, so she had no difficulty in making herself, for long stretches of time, a kept woman. She accepted an allowance from Cousin long after she chucked him over. She was often hard up, but running a salon in Paris has always been an expensive luxury. And nobody is obliged to be a *maîtresse de salon.*

Gray makes a claim for Colet as a feminist, but surely Colet's feminism amounted to little more than the habit of turning her own experience, mostly social and sexual, into a polemic about men and women. When the miserable Bancel left her for another woman, she wrote to him:

> If ever the struggle becomes grandiose and brutal I wish to take part in it, I wish to unite all women, all mothers, all these sisters in pain and misery, and make them understand what must be said, what must be done, what must be demanded! ... To keep them from eternally remaining machines for pleasure and for the reproduction of the species! Until then I shall steep myself in solitude and meditation.

Except for the last sentence, the passage is cogent. But Colet's attempt to further the emancipation of women by publishing *Le Poème de la femme,* allegedly representative parables of the cruelty of men, came to nothing much. Hugo and Béranger encouraged her in this line of work, but in the end their goodwill was only another style of patronage. I don't see much point in presenting Colet as a precursor to Virginia Woolf and Simone de Beauvoir.

Gray's book is highly readable and, for the most part, well informed. But her comments on literary history are too simple to be useful: "On the literary level, Romanticism was a defiance of the reign of 'reason' preached by neoclassicism." Her biographical method does have one novel feature, which I much admire. When she is narrating matters for which evidence is available, she writes in the past tense. When there is no evidence and she still wants to linger over a vague scene, she switches to the present tense. This seems to me a fine arrangement, as in this passage:

> Imagine the setting of Louise's and Flaubert's first meeting on July 28, 1846: It is a Tuesday afternoon. Groups of men drinking, talking, gambling at little tables ...

And so on for three or four loose paragraphs. Gray is speculating, fancying, but she isn't claiming to have been on the scene. We know how to read such sentences. Even when the style lapses into Mills and Boon, we know how to take it:

> And when Monsieur Flaubert's powerful arm brushes Louise's in one of his expansive gestures, she turns and smiles up at him. The next thing she knows, he is not touching her arm by accident. What is she going to do? She desires this man as she's never desired anyone in her life. Is it possible that he might liberate her from the invalid Hippolyte, the unctuous Victor Cousin?

All this from a great feminist upon the touch of an arm.

Gray's own style is streetwise with the lore of uptown streets. Bouilhet "now replaced the cocky Du Camp as buddy No. 1 in Flaubert's life." After a while the new friends separate Colet from Flaubert: "One now knows that Flaubert's buddy network is again ganging up to purge Louise from his life." If readers have a problem deciding who the players in Colet's drama are, Gray helps them out with modern comparisons. Emile de Girardin was "the S.I. Newhouse of the July Monarchy." "Ludovica married Pradier at the age of 19, and the couple started a social life more prodigal in its excesses than any described in Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* or Andy Warhol's *Diaries.*" The *Revue des deux mondes* was "a periodical equivalent to our *New York Times Book Review* in its influence." Colet's *L'Italie des Italiens* is "comparable, on a primitive level, to Mary McCarthy's books on Venice and Florence." (But how does the comparison survive if Colet's book is primitive and McCarthy's books are not?) Colet herself "was a nineteenth-century Erica Jong, who recklessly splashed her life and loves across her poetry and prose, barely distinguishing the line between fact and fiction."

It would interest me to learn why Gray thinks that such comparisons are necessary or desirable. She is merely telling the reader, I must assume, that the writer who is now championing Louise Colet knows what's what.

DENIS DONOGHUE holds the Henry James Chair of English and American Letters at New York University. His new book, *The Old Moderns: Essays on Theory and Literature,* has just been published by Knopf.

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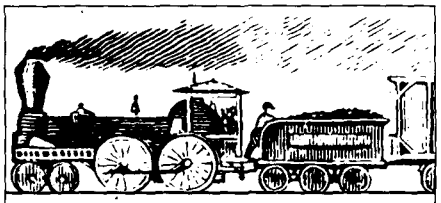
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NEW YORK DIARIST

Humiliation

A YEAR AGO IN THIS MAGAZINE I wrote what was taken by its subjects to be a nasty article about the Columbia School of Journalism. In the two weeks I spent hanging around the school a couple of professors suggested that I return and speak to their classes, but once the offending article appeared I heard no more from them, and pretty much hoped I'd never have anything more to do with the place. The feeling, I assumed, was mutual. But then not long ago I was asked by Roger Rosenblatt, who is employed both by the journalism school and by this magazine, to sit on a Columbia panel alongside journalists Christopher Hitchens, Sally Quinn and John Simon. Our discussion was titled: "How Low Can You Get: The Place of Creative Nastiness in Modern Journalism."

MY INITIAL REACTION WAS THAT IF I declined, I'd be thought a coward, and so I accepted immediately. Upon reflection I realized this was a mistake. Not only was I a coward. I was a coward who had nothing to say on the subject. The business of setting oneself up as a "nasty journalist" seems to me wildly bogus. When I publish an article I vaguely expect that the people who read it will like me and am always shocked to discover that some don't. I realize this is a bit warped. But I would not be surprised to learn that other journalists also come by their nastiness so unself-consciously that they are struck dumb by the idea of "creative nastiness." There's nothing creative about it; it's natural.

THE MORE I THOUGHT ABOUT IT the more foolish I felt for having agreed to pretend otherwise. As I made my way into the school's auditorium I sought solace in Roger's assurance that I'd merely have to answer a few questions and engage in spirited debate. The first bad sign was the elderly woman in the giant green felt elf's hat who took me aside to inform me that unlike most of the surprisingly large crowd she was On My Side. The second bad sign was the podium beside the panelists' table, and the copious notes in the hands of my fellow panelists. The third bad sign was when my fellow panelists each rose and spoke eloquently for twenty-five minutes. And as they did I realized that a loose discussion about nasty journalism had just become a series of prepared lectures on the state of our society.

THERE USED TO BE A GAME CALLED My Most Humiliating Experience. The players would go around in a circle, each in turn seeking to outdo the others with a mortifying tale from his past. From this game one learned how rare are feelings of complete, inconsolable humiliation. Occasionally the game began in laughter and ended in shock, with all the players staring embarrassedly at one poor fool, and thinking: *Jesus! How do you live with yourself?* But usually it was vaguely disappointing. When someone tells you he's been humiliated, often he's merely looking to be reassured that he hasn't been, or he's using it as a cover for something else, often a boast. ("Liz Smith mentioned my divorce in her column today. It was so humiliating!") The few times I have played I have told of the moment in the first grade when I announced to the entire class my intention to exit a hard plastic library chair through the hole in its lower back, and then became so perfectly stuck that it took a teacher and a librarian ten minutes of applying various lotions to spring me. Now, I think, I'll tell about my return to the Columbia School of Journalism.

IMMEDIATELY UPON RISING TO speak the self-irrigation began: all moisture vacated the body's wet zones and repooled in the body's dry zones. Physical humiliation has natural limits, however. One's body has the sense to go numb. One's mind does not. As I began speaking I was seized by the crazed fantasy of actually sprinting out of the glazed doors at the back of the room and vanishing into the 116th Street subway station. The unfounded conviction that my wife had made good on her threat to attend rushed in: my marriage was over. A few minutes later I found myself calculating how quickly a couple of hundred people who had turned up to assure themselves that I was an idiot could spread the word that I was, after all, an idiot. Unconnected images then flashed through my brain. A mountain range. A long shiny BMW. A Tibetan monk in yellow robes dousing himself with kerosene and setting himself on fire. After that my mind simply spewed random incoherent signals, none of which was linked to what was coming out of my mouth.

WHEN I FINALLY SAT DOWN I FOUND myself, momentarily, calm. I could not recall a word I had said. It could get no worse. But then Roger explained that there was time left for a few questions from the audience. The truly humiliated person obviously has no time for thoughts of anything other than his own humiliation. What is more, he assumes that everyone in his vicinity is similarly absorbed. The first question, I was certain, would be: "So, Mr. Lewis, how exactly does it feel to have made yourself utterly ridiculous to the Columbia Journalism School?" But the first person who grabbed the microphone launched into a loud, self-righteous tirade about the media. The woman in the green elf's hat followed with a mad sermon, the only line of which I recall is, "If Howard Stern's dick was as big as his tongue there would be no Howard Stern." At last a man's voice punctured my self-absorbed trance. I looked up. He was shouting at me. His eyes were wild and red and his hair was fritzed in the manner of the freshly electrocuted. "You from THE NEW REPUBLIC!" he was hollering, "Will you, here and now, denounce Marty Peretz?!" Another person stood to shout at me: "Listen to the man! He's a better writer than you are!" Moisture returned to my eyes. The thoroughly humiliated man experiences any distraction as relief, even if it's a request to denounce one's boss. Denounce Marty? Sure thing! And for a giddy moment it occurred to me that I had humiliated myself before an audience of lunatics. There were no reliable witnesses. It had never happened!

OF COURSE THIS WAS MERELY THE humiliated man's mirage. Roger bellowed over the crowd that the panel discussion was over. Cameras clicked and wound. Reporters from *The Village Voice*, *The Daily News* and *The New York Post* rushed the podium. A woman from *New York* magazine asked, in a pitying tone, "Were you prepared?" There are no etiquette books for these situations. The victim is meant to slither off quietly into some dark place and stay there until forgotten. Only the passage of time can redeem him. But of course time passes very slowly when you are waiting for it to. As I slipped out the back door it struck me that the source of humiliation is loss of control. Even more miserable than the moment of humiliation is the idea of that moment being enjoyed behind your back. *So* overwhelmingly powerful is the desire to prevent this that, to the truly humiliated, it seems perfectly natural to humiliate himself further—before 100,000 otherwise oblivious readers.

MICHAEL LEWIS

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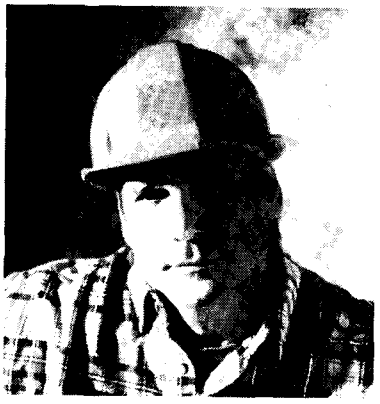
IS THERE ANY MEMBER OF CONGRESS... WHO WOULDN'T ENVY THESE RATINGS?



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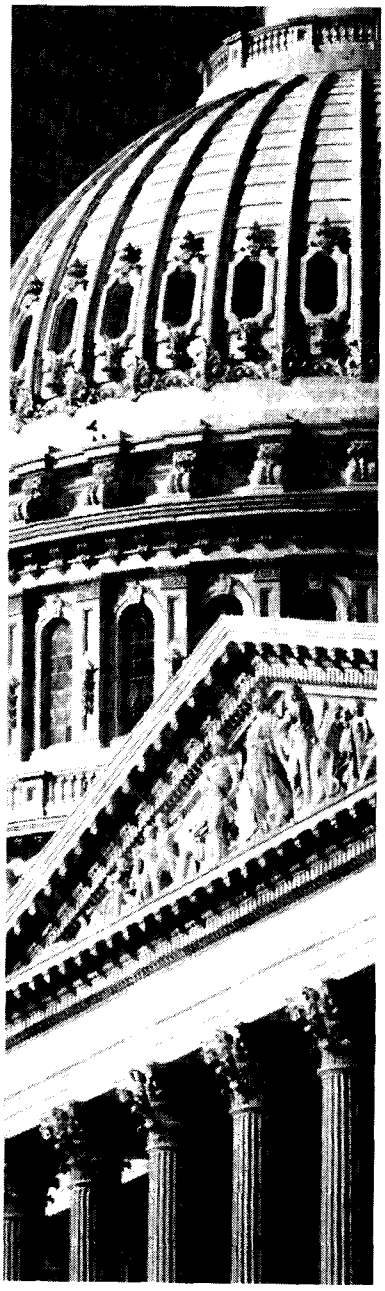
Satisfaction with
QUALITY OF MANAGED CARE
89%

Satisfaction with
MANAGED CARE PHYSICIANS
83%

Satisfaction with
MANAGED CARE OVERALL
80%

Satisfaction with
OUT-OF POCKET EXPENSES
70%

(source: Mellman-Lazaurus-Lake National Survey 1000 - Americans, September 1993)



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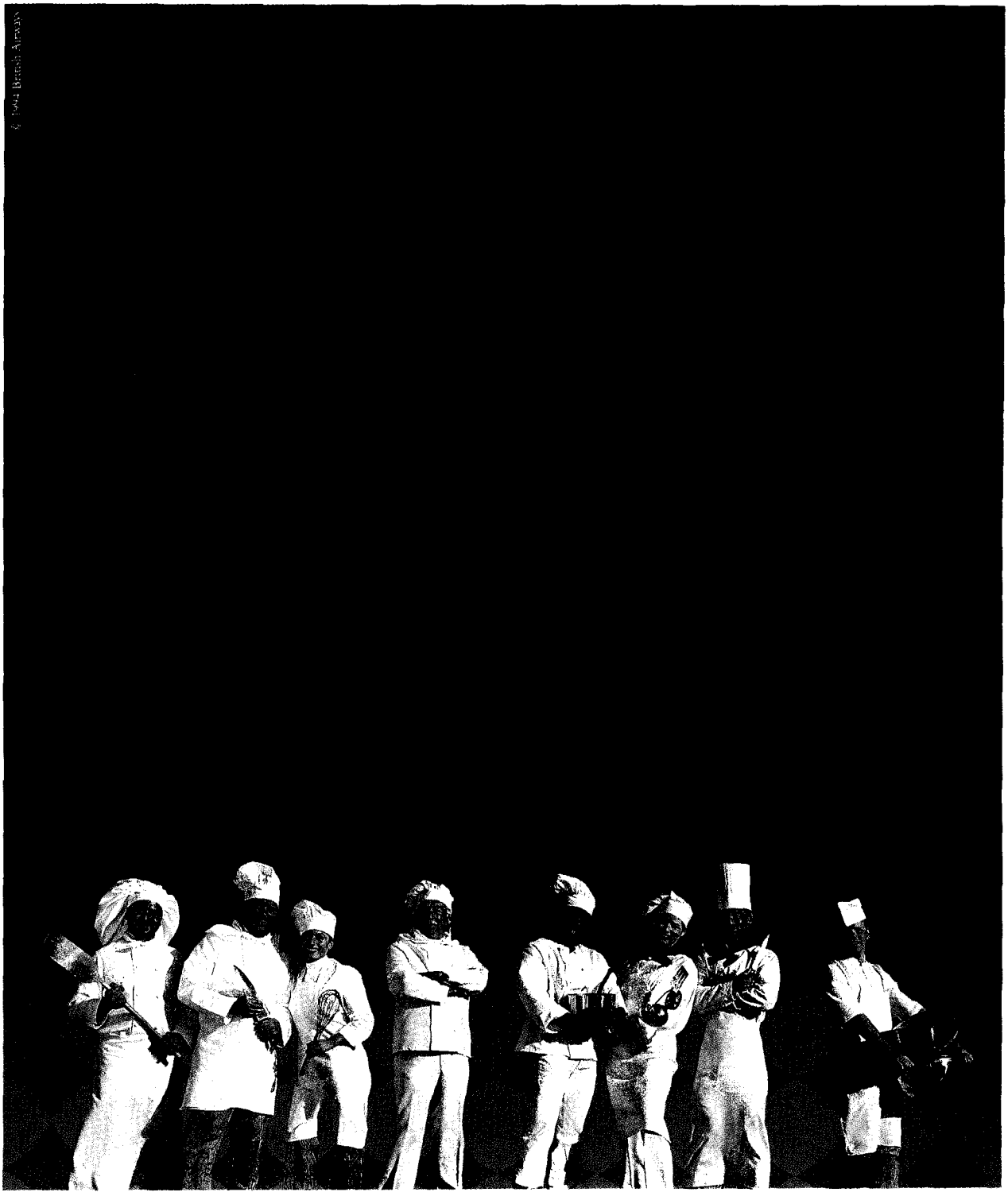

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